Amaury Rivera's Alien Abduction

Extraterrestrial Encounter of the HUMAN Kind

By:
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Translation by
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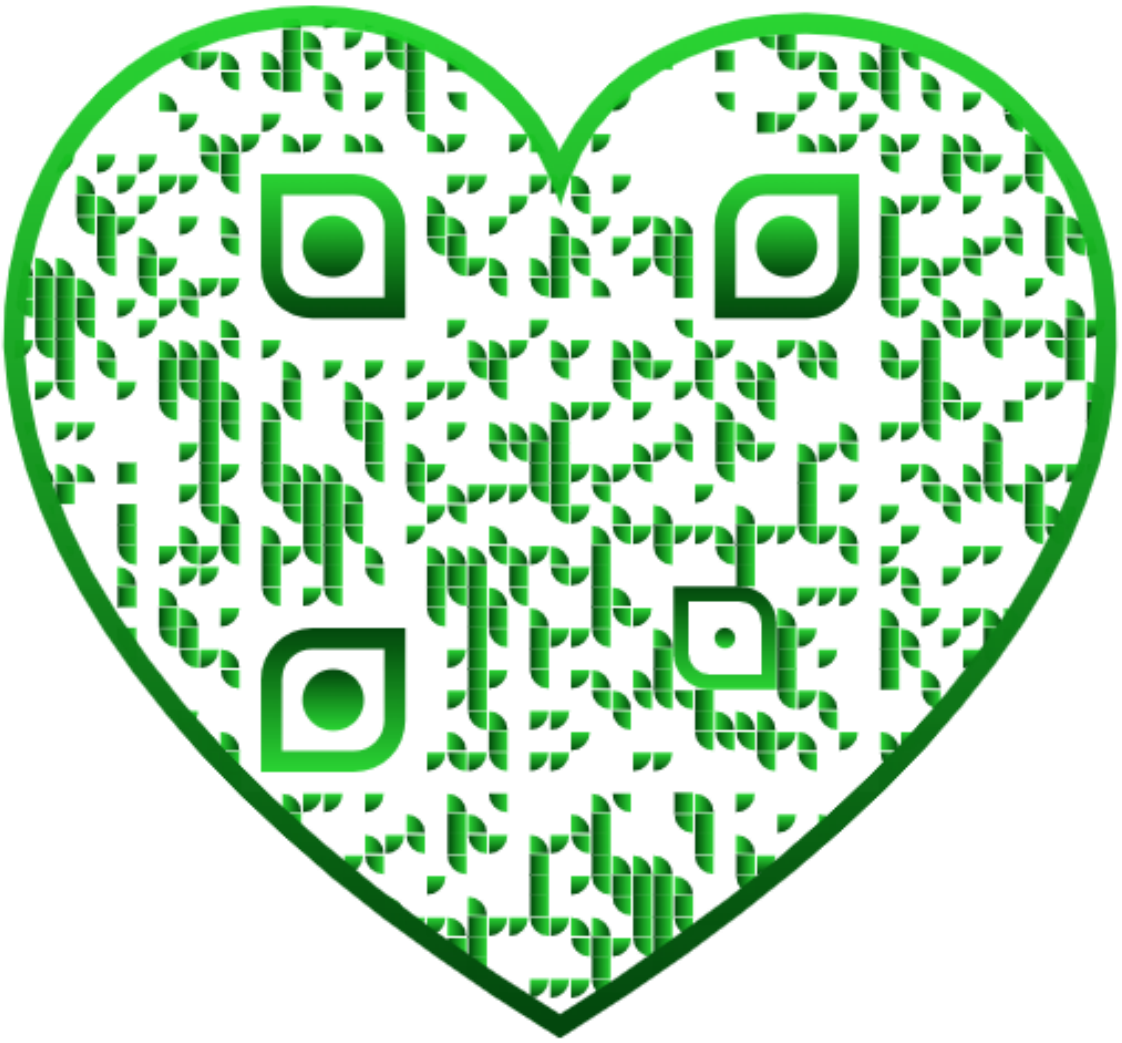

Foreword

Our species needs, and deserves, a citizenry with minds wide awake and a basic understanding of how the world works.

- Carl Sagan

A treasure is revealed in the pages you are about to read. The nature and implications of the events narrated in this book could contribute or even lead the way into a course of action that may very well determine the future of this Earth's humanity. Mr. *Amaury Rivera's* story not only answers the age old question of "are we alone?", but it also reveals an almost unimaginable realm of possibilities that are most definitely within our reach and that can bring about a monumental shift in our reality.

Mr. *Rivera* is one the most decent, humble, honest, sincere and caring people I've ever met. This honesty and sincerity is what permeates the words that make up the complete narrative of his experience. Those same

characteristics are also what make this story so compelling. As you will come to sense in your journey through this book, Mr. *Rivera* is a very practical and reasonable man. The very simplicity of the way of telling the story in which he practically holds nothing back and leaves himself totally exposed, is evidence that **one** of the reasons this person chose to write it was because it really happened.

In this book you will go through a myriad of emotions, sometimes all at once. The story is at times chilling and scary but also funny, heart warming, and uplifting. It will also, if your mind is up to it, present you with statements that will most likely call forth an expansion of consciousness which, again, if permitted will provide a range of possibilities that'll widen your current state of literal and metaphorical vision. A range of possibilities that can certainly shape up to become a very important piece of the puzzle of the reasons and responsibilities of our existence.

Make no mistake though. With Mr. *Rivera's* approachable, sensible, and honest tone, comes also an inevitable rawness that will put you face to face with a reality we cannot ignore and that is a matter of great concern. The knowledge of life and beauty beyond our imagination, and sometimes stubborn denial, can undoubtedly fill our hearts with joy and hope for a brighter future. However, it also requires a total acceptance of immediate responsibility and duty, as well as coming to terms with our universally childish behavior and sometimes even disregard for the wonderful gifts bestowed upon us and entrusted to us.

> *Our intelligence and our technology have given us the power to affect the climate. How will we use this power? Are we willing to tolerate*

ignorance and complacency in matters that affect the entire human family? Do we value short-term advantages above the welfare of the Earth? Or will we think on longer time scales, with concern for our children and our grandchildren, to understand and protect the complex life-support systems of our planet? The Earth is a tiny and fragile world. It needs to be cherished. - Carl Sagan

We may consider that we've come a long way since the days of our distant cave dwelling relatives, and maybe in a certain sense with have. We now have the means to connect to the internet through cellular phones we carry with us everywhere; we can see and talk to someone on the other side of the world through a screen in the comfort of our home; we have devices that entertain us in ways that maybe ten years ago would have seemed impossible; in sum, from the outside we may appear as an advanced species on the verge of the next great discovery. But for all our pseudo-achievements we have yet to eradicate war, famine, violence, murder, intolerance, and the ever increasing destruction of our planet. We've yet to fully embrace that realization that unites us all; we've yet to tear down the barriers that alienate us from each other even when we stand a feet a part; we've yet to see the bigger picture.

Mr. *Rivera's* experience and the reality that stems from it and that is laid out in this book implies one of the most, if not the most, significant events in human history. But even more important than all of this, at least for the time being is the revelation of a current state of affairs which is increasingly shaping up to be our ticket to our own demise; a demise that would only come about as a result of our own actions or lack thereof.

The information given to Mr. *Amaury Rivera*, still rings true and valuable today as it did more than 20 twenty years ago when it was initially passed on. The reason: our humanity still presses on in a counterproductive direction.

> *Those worlds in space are as countless as all the grains of sand on all the beaches of the earth. Each of those worlds is as real as ours and every one of them is a succession of incidents, events, occurrences which influence its future. Countless worlds, numberless moments, an immensity of space and time. And our small planet at this moment, here we face a critical branch point in history, what we do with our world, right now, will propagate down through the centuries and powerfully affect the destiny of our descendants, it is well within our power to destroy our civilization and perhaps our species as well. If we capitulate to superstition or greed or stupidity we could plunge our world into a time of darkness deeper than the time between the collapse of classical civilization and the Italian Renaissance. But we are also capable of using our compassion and our intelligence, our technology and our wealth to make an abundant and meaningful life for every inhabitant of this planet.* - Carl Sagan

The mere fact of Mr. *Rivera's* encounter and its nature, in itself, strongly and steadfastly challenges those minds who cannot conceive of life elsewhere, intelligent life at that, or that feel threatened by it. These minds are numerous and some have firm grounding in the decision making process of our worlds affairs. Mr. *Rivera* has suffered greatly on personal, professional, social, physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual levels on account of his coming forth with his experience. Yet thanks to his unbreakable spirit and compassionate soul, the story of his encounter

and…well, let's just say the extension of his contacts with an extraterrestrial reality, are now for the first time available in the English language.

This book is another bold attempt to try and stir this Earth's humanity in a more positive and productive way of life and also to give it a glance into the rewards that a more spiritual orientation of resources and knowledge may entitle us to.

Gualberto Del Toro
Los Angeles, California
July 16, 2011

Dedication

To all those who fell one has to see in order to believe, and to the blissful who believe without having seen.

Note from the Author

I want to start out by saying that I'm not a writer by profession. This is my first book which tells of my experience in its entirety. My honest wish is that with it I'm able to create awareness about the existence of "alien" beings and their intentions towards humanity.

- *Amaury*

Introduction

It is my intention to let it be known that experiences such as the one I had and continue having to this day, really do happen. Also, I know of thousands of people who have gone through the same experience or at the very least similar. People who chose to remain silent for fear of being ridiculed or treated cruelly. We must not criticize or attack those people who chose not to speak, or even say they're egotistic. They surely have good reason to do so. I myself am a victim of mockery and insults as a result of me speaking out, even when I have evidence that backs up my story.

I'm not writing to try and convince anyone. Even I didn't believe in beings that came from other parts of the cosmos to visit us. I have to see in order to believe, and there is no other way I would have believed in the existence of extraterrestrials beings. If the day ever comes that I come in contact with fairies, only then will I believe in fairy tales. But if you think about it, who's to say that fairy tales didn't originate from extraterrestrial encounters in the past? This I don't know. What I **can** assure you, without a doubt, is that **presently** there exist encounters with extraterrestrial beings.

Chapter 1

In March of 1988 I was still living in New York City, where I was born and raised. Back then my life was very different, very fast paced. It seemed like there wasn't really time to think about the things that really mattered in life. Things like family, our environment, nature, and many other things that I do think about today. I used to work in a hotel in the city and I made good money, but I felt empty. In my life there only existed work and pleasure, with nothing in between. Though I wasn't aware of it, my whole existence was very superficial. Life in New York is usually crude and rough, and most of all aggressive. I found myself living in a contaminated jungle of steel and iron with stench of sewer, but I didn't realize it. It was my home, my birthplace. I got lost in its wilderness.

Around that time I received and an alarming phone call from my aunt *Marlene* who informed me that my *abuela* (Grandmother) *Isabel*, the woman who had raised me, was sick and wanted to see me. I got from my aunt that that this was an emergency, that it could very well be the last time I would see the person whom I considered my mother alive. I had plenty of vacation and sick days accumulated at work so I left for Puerto Rico immediately. Not long after I arrived, *Mamá* (my Grandmother) got better. I decided to then take my trip and turn it into a real vacation. I visited a lot of beaches in *Cabo Rojo*, which is a small town in the southwestern part of Puerto Rico that's surrounded with beautiful landscapes and beaches, and it's also where my parents were born. You can still find there simple and humble people that make me proud to be a *puertorriqueño*. There are other places like this in Puerto Rico but I mention *Cabo Rojo* because it's where my family's from. Although I'd been in the island before, this time was much different. I fell in love with its beaches and I was in awe of its

beautiful hills and green valleys. During the day I danced with the sun and at night I courted the moon. One night in particular I got to meet the stars. I was sitting in the balcony of *Mamá's* house when the power went out. When that happened the sky opened up before my eyes. It was spectacular. For a lot of people this may not be very impressive. The same as the Empire State Building not being very impressive to those who live near this skyscraper in New York. For me it was unforgettable. Because there wasn't any light coming from anywhere, I could observe the starry sky without interference.

I know that to many this would seem silly, but for me it was a key event in my life. The night of the stars marks the beginning of my relationship with the cosmos, though at the time I wasn't aware of it. I had had opportunity in the past to look at the sky, but never in such an awe inspiring manner.
Growing up in New York I never could really observe the sky. The lights of the theaters and billboards always seemed more interesting. The skyscraper's radiance and the public lighting always obscured the sky. 42nd Street and Broadway Avenue replaced the stars. For the first time I had discovered the splendor and glow of thousands of suns. I stopped talking to *Mamá* as I looked in awe.

- What are you looking at so intensely? – She asked.

- The stars look different. They look bigger, I don't know, closer perhaps. – I answered.

She then told me that she had seen them before like that. She wasn't impressed. I on the other hand was still struck. The power came back and I got sad. You could still see the stars but not in the same way. The next day I left Puerto Rico and I wept.

While back in New York I kept thinking about Puerto Rico. I thought not only of my family, but also about everything else. I felt something calling me back to the island, an inner sort of subliminal voice. Maybe during the "night of the stars" something changed in me. It was as if the instant I saw that sky a small seed was planted in my brain. This psychological or symbolical seed was the one who sprouted into the obsessive idea of me moving to Puerto Rico.

I called my Grandmother (*Mamá)* and my aunt and I told them about my plans. My grandmother thought it was a good idea but my aunt thought I was crazy to leave a good job and an apartment in New York to come to Puerto Rico. She reminded me that jobs were scarce. In spite of that, I still wanted to go. They heard such urgency in my voice that they asked me if I had run into some trouble in New York. I told them that even I didn't quite understand my sudden impulse.

Even though I felt like a magnet was pulling me to the island, that night when I went to bed I thought that my aunt was probably right. I decided to stop with all the nonsense and reconsider. There was no future for me in Puerto Rico. Many of my relatives were unemployed, so what better chances had I? Lying in my bed with the unusual sounds of the city, the police sirens, ambulances and the street noise in the "city that never sleeps", I slept.

That night, however, something woke me. I dreamt I was in Puerto Rico. I was watching the sun set, same as I had in *Cabo Rojo*: a huge red orange ball of fire. It was magnificent. Right then and there, in the darkness of my room a made a decision: Puerto Rico! The next day I started to give away some of my belongings and selling the rest.

My friends were surprised. They didn't understand why I was doing all this. The fact that I myself didn't understand the reasons for my actions surprised them even more. The island was calling my name, I felt it my home. I had already told *Mamá* about my plans and she was very happy. In less than two weeks I gave up my apartment, I took my pet to the veterinary, went to the bank, and to the travel agency.

By mid 1988 I was already back in Puerto Rico, this time accompanied by my dog. Her name was *Kristina*. I was so happy! Like I had just accomplished something! I felt relieve, like a great weight had been lift off of my shoulders. At last I arrived, I told myself.

As far a work was concerned, I decided to buy a hot dog cart and make a living selling franks and refreshments. A cousin of mine, however, heard on the radio that a night club in the town of *Hormigueros* was looking for a waiter. I didn't know where the place was but I found someone who showed me. I still didn't have a car and according to my cousins, in Puerto Rico you need a one for everything. I was interviewed at the club *Casa Blanca* and the owner was very impressed with my hotel experience. I started work that very weekend. I would work in the club on weekends, and I would find a full time job during the week. One of my cousins drove me the first few days. He then told me of a friend of his that was selling a 1971 Toyota. The car wasn't in great shape but it would do until I'd buy a better one. My transportations issues were settled.

Part of the route that leads to *Hormigueros* goes through what is known in *Cabo Rojo* as *La Bajura*, an old infrequently traveled road that goes from *Cabo Rojo* to *Hormigueros.* That same cousin who used to drive me told

me that in that sector one had to be really careful because sometimes animals from neighboring estates would cross that road. He told me that a lot of people had died as result of hitting a cow or horse on the road. One has not to worry about these things in New York. One only has to watch out for those little yellow animals called taxis. I heeded my cousin's advice then and I still do today.

I bought that white Toyota. By the beginning of May I had already established a routine and I felt at ease with myself. My happiness didn't last long though. It lasted until Mother's Day, which actually turned into "The Night of the Encounter".

What I'm about to narrate happened that day. It filled my life with terror and confusion. I will never be the *Amaury* I was back then. All of my perceptions of the world would change. This event yanked away my relatively simple existence and transformed it into a very complicated life, full of uncertainty and even more rejection than what I was used to. In essence, I was born again.

Chapter 2

My cousin, who was always listening to her radio, had heard that the salsa orchestra called *El Gran Combo* was going to be playing at *Casa Blanca*. She called me immediately and asked if I could do her a favor. Since she mentioned *El Gran Combo* I thought that maybe she wanted me to get her tickets or something for the show. However, she only asked if I could take some pictures with her camera. I didn't have a choice since she gently reminded me that she had gotten me that job. In truth I said yes hoping that she would forget about it but unfortunately she didn't. That night I arrived at the club with my dear cousin's camera, one of those cheap Kodak's 110. To make matters worse she had given me one of *El Gran Combo*'s records so that every member would sign it.

I remember well that night since the place had never been more packed. All the mothers were elegantly dressed and accompanied by their significant others and there were floral arrangements everywhere. The tables were decorated with white sheets, candles and small arrangements. The place smelled like flowers and perfume, which gave me allergies. There were only four of us waiting tables and every customer wanted to be served at the same time. Unfortunately, some of the people there, including the mothers, transformed into monsters after a few drinks. Only a fellow waiter knows what it's like to walk through a room packed with people carrying a tray full of drinks.

Panic can instill if when you get to your table someone from another one pulls you by the arm, the arm carrying the drinks, to tell you "Waiter another beer!" To sum up, that night was hell. Women who had way much to drink insisted on dancing with me. They didn't want to hear about the

rules of my workplace. They still wanted to dance with even with me having an arm full of drinks.

It was difficult to take pictures of the group. I managed to get some while they were playing and others when they were on break. I must confess something that my cousin is not going to like: I left the record behind the bar but I told her that all of them had signed it but someone then stole it. The truth is that I didn't have the courage to go up to them and ask that each would sign the record. She got mad because she thought I'd stolen the record, but she was happy when I brought her camera back.

By closing time I could barely stand my feet. Also, I looked like I just gotten out of a sauna, clothes on and all. I called it a night after emptying the ash trays and organizing my tables. Afterwards, I went to the bar to get my cigarettes and the camera, but I left the record. I knew that when I came back it was going to be gone. Now that I think about it, I actually didn't lie when I told my cousin her record was stolen.

I headed to the parking lot, where the partying continued. There were couples everywhere. It was after 4 a.m. and these people were still at it. At that time the women didn't look so elegant and the men were not behaving like gentlemen. I walked through the crowd to my car like a zombie. I only had one thing in mind: getting home. Finally I got to my car, anxious to leave. Little by little the other cars started to head out. I placed the camera in the glove compartment. I turned the engine on and I took off as usual. I took the main road, Road number 2, until I reached the intersection that took me to *La Bajura*. Once I started heading down this sector I noticed a dense fog on the road, very thick and white. It was nothing out of the

ordinary, I had gone through the same area at around the same time, 4:30 in the morning.

I was driving very slowly, paying close attention to the road. My thoughts at the time were of possibly encountering an animal on the road and preventing an accident, also I thought of the pain in my feet and what I'd fixed myself to eat when I got home. All of a sudden I heard a noise, as if someone or something were running close to my car and was trying to catch up and pull right next to me. Everything happened very fast. I heard the steps and thought it was some kind of animal, when out of the corner of my eye I perceived a movement on my left hand side. I turned my head and what I saw was not a cow or a lamb, my mind didn't know what to think. "A boy with a costume? But, at this hour? A midget? Yes, it was a midget with a mask scaring the people going by. A midget? No, it can't be" I thought to myself. It's head, those eyes, no even the mouth, nothing was… "Go away!" I told myself. It was something like, a bizarre little man running beside my car.

In my panic I intended to hit the gas but I hit the break instead and the car came to an abrupt stop. I looked through the windshield wanting to keep going far away from that place, far form that strange creature that was running beside my car without taking its strange eyes off of me. I couldn't do this however, because now that being with the enormous head was right in front of my car, on the right side, walking towards me from the fog. The right headlight of my car was now on him, making it look even more grotesque. Its pale skin was reminiscent of clown makeup. It was wearing tight fighting clothes olive green in color. The clothing didn't shine or had anything distinct features other than who or what was wearing it. Its arms were proportionate with its body, which was about three and a half feet tall.

I thought to my self how could it ever reach that side of my car so quickly. In response I heard another noise beside my door. There was the creature beside me again but much closer. It was then that I realized that there were actually two creatures, or people, demons, or whatever. I felt them opening the door. I couldn't take it anymore, I found myself paralyzed. I don't know if it was fear, sheer terror or something else, but I simply couldn't move. Again, everything happened very quickly, in a matter of seconds. I couldn't handle it anymore and I fainted.

I want the reader to know that at the time never did it cross my mind that there was a possibility these could be extraterrestrial creatures. The subject never really attracted my attention. I thought they might be monsters or demons, but never beings from space.

When I came to I was still in my car, confused, and when I looked around I thought I was in some sort of underground parking. I say this because that place was not outside, there were other cars there, another ten or so. There were no doors or signs. It was subtly lit and was light gray in color. I noticed the other cars were empty and there was utter silence. I remember listening to my own agitated breathing and peeking out to find a way out, a door, or some sign that would point to an exit. The clearer and alert my mind became the more desperate I got. I felt I was out of air and my breathing became even more irregular. I started to fell very claustrophobic.

I didn't hear any sound nor did I hear it arrive. There, right beside me was that little man with the chilling eyes. I remember making an odd frightened sound but I didn't utter a word. I felt paralyzed. Its eyes were piercing and when I saw him I remembered what had transpired on the road. During those brief seconds I forgot about not knowing where I was and how to get

out of there. All of my being was fixed on that creature with the fetus head and almond shaped cow eyes. He looked at me without any sort of emotion or facial expressions. Seated at the wheel of my car I felt hopeless, like a trapped little animal. I tried everything to deny this fact, but to no avail. All of a sudden it started to raise its right arm until I could see his little hand. I became even more tense. My hands were at the wheel. I'm surprised I didn't yank it off. I couldn't move or take my hands off of it. Truth be told, I probably shouldn't say I really couldn't move because I never tried. I think that my dazed and traumatized mind didn't let me. My mind, my brain was incapable or commanding my body.

The creature was reaching for my forehead. I felt repugnance, disgust. Imagine if someone would reach for your face with something you're terrified of, like a snake, a mouse or anything that would cause you panic. Its hand for me was all those things wrapped up in one. This strange being, whom I still considered something diabolical, placed the palm of its hand on my forehead, and with a last spasm of repugnance my mind went blank.

When I woke up I found myself seated with other people in a squared room. My neck and hands were hurting, I felt my eyes swollen. "Where was I? Where was my car?" I couldn't really distinguish were the room's walls began or ended. It gave the impression of being a big infinite space instead of a room. The floor, walls and ceiling were all light gray in color, and like the other place I didn't see any lamps, light bulbs, entrances, exits, or windows, but I figured that logically (although none of this seemed logical) there had to be doors and lights even though I couldn't see them. Where did the light come from? I didn't know. If a person where to stand in the middle of this room, alone, with no point of reference, you would think he'd be standing in a great void. With me there fourteen other people,

men and women, and from the looks of it Hispanic. We were seated in some sort of chairs or long benches. You couldn't really see these seats at a single glance. Only because I was seated on one of them I could tell they were there. How I got there was a mystery to me. The floor, walls, and ceiling were of the same color tone which gave the appearance of total continuity, like a camouflage or optical illusion.

I was still a little dazed when I noticed that the creatures where right in front of us. I saw them over the shoulders of the people in front of me. No one said a word and you could sense the terror in the air. I could barely move, I was only able to turn my head and with great difficulty. I felt a cramp in my neck. I was seated in the left hand side of the last row. Each row had five people and there were three rows in total. To my right there was a teenager. He was wearing shorts, was barefoot and didn't have a shirt on. He looked a lot like my brother when he was a teenager. When I saw the fear in his face I wanted to try an ease it but I couldn't. The others were dressed in different ways, from party clothes to sleepwear. Meanwhile, there stood those two with the extraordinary heads completely still. Every once in a while they would blink very slowly. All of our attention was directed towards them.

Coming from an undetermined place behind us, there approached another being who wore black clothing. He walked towards the creatures and stood between them. His skin color was that of someone who has a tan, it had a copper like tone. His hair was black and straight and he wore it a little over shoulder length. It was combed back. He was very handsome. His shirt, which didn't seem to have buttons or pockets, had long, slightly loose sleeves. His pants were slim fitting at the waist yet slightly loose in the legs and a little tapered at the bottom. His shirt was tucked in and he wore black

boots. He was approximately five foot seven or five foot eight. His body was slim but toned. After taking position, he addressed us in perfect Spanish with no accent in particular.

- Welcome, my name is *Amarón*. I'm not here to hurt you. Relax, don't be frightened. I come from a planet that goes by the name of *Kaa*, which is pronounced like your letter of the alphabet K, and is it is my home planet. I am as human as you are.

These were more or less his words. I want to stress that these were not his exact words. I only remember the idea or message. Therefore, though I will stay true to what he told us, the order of the words or sentences I'll transcribe as best as my memory serves me. If at this very moment you'd stop reading, close your eyes and try to remember word for word a conversation or a lecture that happened four years ago, you could not. I'm sure that also you would only be able to remember the idea and not every word. I will do my very best to faithfully transcribe his revelations, given that four years have passed since my initial experience.

After stating his first words, he noticed that he didn't quite have our undivided attention. The truth was that we were disturbed by the presence of the little men with the bulging eyes. He then told us not to be afraid of the *oemores*. As he said this he took one of them in his arms as if it was a small child. The creature wrapped his arms around his neck and his thin legs around his waist. As if carrying a chimpanzee, the man put his hand on the small being's chin and turned his grotesque head from side to side while telling us that there was no reason to be afraid of them since they were not harmful. They're made by his people. Genetically constructed he told us.

The *oemore* only blinked slowly, expressionless. Even after he told us this, they were still repugnant to me, in my opinion. At least now I had stopped thinking about demons and I began to have a notion of what was happening, impossible as it seemed.

They were from another world, another planet. They weren't demons after all. I actually thought that this *Amarón* looked too much like an earthling to be an extraterrestrial. On the other hand, I could see it for the little ones with the fetal heads. Them I could consider extraterrestrial, but what did I know. He spoke to us again:

- We have brought you here to show you some projections. The images you are about to see will seem real to you but they're not. They are multi-dimensional projections. They will appear to have mass, consistency and palpable qualities. What you will see will be emotionally and spiritually strong. Keep in mind that what you'll be seeing is not really happening. We'll begin with the first one.

Chapter 3 (Projection #1)

The first projection was really extraordinary. We were very impressed with the sudden change in what we were seeing around us. All of sudden that room without dimensions vanished and all around us a valley appeared. From a distance you could see the mountains' silhouettes, trees, grass, and the night sky. You could see how the wind moved the branches in the trees but you couldn't feel the wind. The effect of this projection was incredible. What one's used to seeing in a movie theater doesn't come close. It was totally realistic. The projection was all around us and it took us to that place without moving. We all remained in the same position. The three other beings were still in the same spot. Something that caught my attention was that the strange chairs we were sitting on also transformed into part of that projection we were witnessing. It was part of the grass that surrounded us. The strange human remained silent while his small companions were still at his side motionless. My eyes adjusted to the darkness and I started seeing more clearly. That place looked like it was in the island. You couldn't see houses or lamp posts. Another curious detail was that there wasn't any sound. If indeed these images had been taken in the island, you really couldn't hear the night sounds, like from the crickets or *coquíes*. The only sound I heard was my own breathing. For the most part, it always felt like I was out of breath and I was still paralyzed. For a moment, stupidly I thought about getting up from my seat, or whatever it was, and running through that valley. "But, where exactly would I go? Running against a wall?" If indeed it was walls that surrounded that place we were in.

My absurd thoughts were interrupted by his serene voice.

- Observe the sky. – He said.

Like school children guided by our teacher, we all looked up at the same time. It was so real. I even saw a shooting star. The silence, however, made me uncomfortable. I tried everything to control my panic. As we watched the splendor of the night sky, he told us not to be alarmed. At that moment our seats started to move individually to get a better view. They made no sound. Now the teenager that was at my right side was behind me. Slowly we turned counterclockwise until we were again facing the human. The movement itself wasn't rough, but slow and circular.

As soon as we stopped turning, he informed us that we would be taking a trip. All of a sudden it seemed like we were taking off. The ground looked further and further away, yet we could still feel it beneath our feet. I thought I would fall and loose consciousness. My body became even more tense and felt it about to snap. I considered that maybe all this wasn't really happening, that it was just a horrible nightmare. We kept climbing and I had to close my eyes. I was still under the impression that I would fall. I then remembered what the human guide had told us about it only being a projection and I opened my eyes. We now found ourselves over the trees. I couldn't resist though. It seemed too real to be just a projection so I closed my eyes again. With a great effort I managed to put my hands beneath my legs. It was then that I realized I could move. My head was about to explode and I felt nauseous.

All of a sudden we stopped climbing and I opened my eyes. With my face covered in sweat and tears I looked to the man and his artificial beings. Surprisingly, they looked as if suspended in mid air. Not floating, but more like standing firmly on an invisible platform. I suppose that from their perspective, we would have looked like were suspended in air also, seated

on invisible chairs. They had stopped us a little further up from the trees. One could see the ocean's reflection in the distance.

The feeling of being that high had me terrorized. My body was trembling uncontrollably. The mountain's silhouettes looked liked hills. I didn't want to look yet I also couldn't look away from what I was witnessing around me.

- We are located over your world. – He said.

Again we slowly started to climb. I kept telling myself this was only an illusion, a movie or sorts, and that I shouldn't be afraid. However, it was of no use. A smog and smoke engulfed us and I realized that we were going through some clouds. We were leaving Earth behind, beneath our feet. I felt rage and anger towards those small creatures that had brought to this hell.

The human again reminded us to keep in mind that what we were observing were only projected images. Personally I still found it hard to believe. We kept climbing until we saw Earth the size of a basketball. We stopped when it got to be the size of a golf ball. In those agony filled moments I realized that I hadn't paid any attention to the other 14 people. I could barely stand my own situation. Though I assure you no one spoke, I'm pretty sure I heard some sighing, crying, and vomiting or trying to. I can only say I felt very insignificant when facing such grandeur. I thought about that night in *Mamá's* house when the power went out, the night of the stars. Was there any connection? Although we were supposedly far away from Earth, the stars looked as far away as from the planet's surface. Not knowing exactly how or when, the dizziness and nausea gave way to marvel and fascination.

While observing the sky and the stars, there appeared a circle of light, like a halo. The human informed us that the star encircled in the halo was located around his home planet's neighborhood, but that the actual star or sun around which his planet revolved was much further away. He told us that that is we were headed. Suddenly the stars seemed to move, but it was actually us that were moving. I had always thought that the stars were scattered between the moon and the planets, but if this trip was genuine, it's not like that at all. We sped up, and with the speed came back the vertigo. The halo was gone and the stars turned into colored rays of light. We crossed the supposed space at tremendous speed. It felt as being in a whirlwind of colors.

Now it seemed we started to slow down. The colors turned to white, rays that formed a sort of tunnel. Then again we saw the stars. Amongst them was en enormous one that looked very close to us. Around you could see what seemed to be planets. Again I could see the halo around that star. The human told us that this was *Kaa's* sun, and that *Kaa* was the mother planet of that solar system and to all those who inhabit all the planets in that system.

The first humans of that solar system were created and placed on *Kaa*. When this part of humanity extended throughout the entire planet and there was no more room left, they emigrated and formed colonies in the neighboring planets. When saturated, they repeated the process. In many of these planets there weren't the necessary elements to sustain human life or that of their animals but they were able to condition such planets to sustain all kinds of life. They created seas where there were none and they transformed the atmospheres to make them suitable. In the same manner

have other humanities across the infinite cosmos done this. The human sentenced:

- But of course, with one exception. They have indeed expanded, created, and grown both physically and spiritually. But in your world, the one you call Earth, you've done nothing but destroy, contaminate and spiritually decline. You've even contaminated your sidereal space, your supposed far horizons. All of *Kaa's* sons are auto-sufficient, but its loving government comes from the mother planet. Now we will go to *Kaa*.

We felt a tremendous movement that led us to one of the planets, the one closest to that bright star. You could see various clouds and the more we approached it the more it looked like Earth. We started descending towards *Kaa*, or whatever that place was. Its topography was different from ours. What looked like firm land occupied a great deal of the planet's surface. Instead of big fragments of land, such as we know as continents, there was only one that surrounded by an ocean. Maybe there were more but at least we couldn't see them. We went down through white shiny clouds. Its hills, the green, and its rock formations were pretty much identical to Earth. I did notice something different but I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

The most notable difference, and I was able to verify this later, was the abundance of flowers everywhere. All kinds of wild and garden flowers that had bright and attractive colors. The blue sky dotted with cotton stains, the flora's green accentuated with multiple flower colors, and the blue sea made this place the stuff of dreams.

In spite of all this, the notion of height still destroyed any moment of fascination that I had. It was a sunny day with only a few scattered clouds. In the distance I started to make out what looked like an Indian village. We

stopped over a beautiful forest just at a prudent distance from the village. I could see animals moving between the trees but I couldn't make out what kind of animals they were. I could also see people running and walking. The human, still in his original position with the little beings at his side, told us:

- Welcome to my home planet, *Kaa*. Now, meet my people.

We all started to slide through the air, over the trees, towards the village or town. As we drew closer I started to realize that what had looked like tents were actually pyramid shaped structures. They were made out of some type semitransparent multicolored polished glass. We were told that these pyramids were the homes of this group of people. Some actually looked like inverted cones, others like funnels, but each made out of the same glass or even some sort of plastic. They were all brightly colored. Instead of roads there were trails and there were flowers everywhere. The houses were arranged in a circle and in the center a plaza in the form of a square surrounded by flowers.

The entire ground looked like it was made of a grass carpet that was permanently and evenly cut. In the enormous plaza there were trees and what looked like some sort of pool. The pool was also constructed in that same material that looked like glass but light blue in color. It was so brilliant and colorful that it was almost unreal. The reds, turquoise blues, purples and many other colors of their houses, along with the rest of the colors of that place complemented this whole visual explosion. I'd never seen such beauty. In the pool there were children and adults playing and bathing. Something I should mention, and maybe some of you will find it offensive, is that none of these people were wearing clothes.

Our seats moved again and we were able to see everything around us. In the distance you could see other pockets of people similar to this one that connected with each other through some bigger trails. While we slowly turned we descended, or at least we were under the impression we descended, to that plaza.

The people surrounded us. All were naked and smiling at us. In the crowd you could see mothers carrying their children in their arms. Everyone looked very happy and in good health. The human told us that these were the *Kaa* people. We saw people from every race: Black, White, Asian, etc. They were all different heights and had different colored hairs. Our seats kept turning so were able to get a good look. I imagine that these people who were waving at us were informed beforehand of the use those recorded images would be given. I think that they were smiling and waving at someone holding a camera. However, now it just gave the impression that they could actually see us.

It was all incredibly real. “How could this be just a projection? They all looked so alive!” The only thing out of the ordinary was the silence. Although I could see them laughing talking amongst themselves, we couldn’t hear anything. Some women decorated their hair with different colored flowers. I even saw a dog barking in utter silence. If it hadn’t been for the way in which their homes were built and the immense pool, I could mistaken them for some tribe of primitive Indians.

“Are these people extraterrestrial?” I asked myself. “A tribe comprised of all the humans races? But, where were their lasers, their robots and super high tech cars? Where was their bright silver colored clothing? And their houses, where were their imperial cities? Indians? Where were the seven

foot tall beings with eyes in the forehead or little green men with antennae on their heads?"

We kept closing in and I could see various animals. The crowd gave way to those who were bringing out animals. A little boy showed us a lion, which he guided with the mane. We were showed hens, roosters, monkeys, and very beautiful birds. We were also able to see, to our astonishment, an animal already extinct on Earth, something akin to a dinosaur. Horses, cows, camels, and many others were we shown. We stopped and the crowd parted, as supposedly had done the Red Sea, and before our very eyes a gigantic pool appeared. Then, something spectacular happened. From its center came a water surge, like a fountain. The people cheered when they got wet. The happiness on their faces made me smile slightly. When the water column receded four dolphins jumped in the air. What was amazing about this is that on their backs rode four little black children as if they were on horseback. When the dolphins reached their maximum height the children took to the air doing a summersault and landing on the water at the same time as the dolphins. The people, who looked liked like they had glitter from the sun's reflection on their hair, clapped and laughed. The dolphins escorted the children to the side of the pool. The water again surged and the children came up to us, wet from head to toe, smiling and proud. They took each others hands and bowed as actors would do at the end of a play. They then ran off in different directions. The Red Sea came together, the surge stopped and our chairs slowly came to a halt in front of the human and his two creatures. His voice startled me after all that silence:

- This is my birthplace. We call this town *No*, which means in our tongue "traveler". I am known as a *no*. There are many of us *Nos* that have been born here. As you might have been able to tell, there aren't elderly people among us.

It was true. There were no old people, only children and adults. He also informed us that his people didn't age or die. That life is continuous. They grow up to about the equivalent of 25 of our years and then they stop. They do suffer accidents though, and bleed, and feel pain, but their bodies are capable of regenerating very quickly. Their world is free from harmful bacteria, and if any traveler were to bring any back from far away places, such bacteria would be exterminated before making contact with *Kaa's* surroundings. While the travelers, the *Nos*, are visiting planet Earth, or *CRIO*, they try to avoid contact with harmful bacteria and germs as much as possible.

In this sense, the creatures that they create, the *oemores*, are very useful. If for any reason they come in contact with harmful components to their human bodies, they are genetically capable of fighting these without the need of vaccines or medicine. However, this doesn't mean they don't suffer the discomfort that comes with said bacteria and germs. According to him, their bodies are capable of creating all kinds of antibodies that attack and destroy instantly anything that threatens their physiological systems. Their bodies posses a gland, which we also have, that secretes a series of substances that make them immune to sickness, after being affected one initial time. He also told us that our own bodies didn't function correctly because of the lack of balance and equilibrium that for generations we have prolonged. Generation after generation we have polluted our bodies with so many chemical substances that our bodies don't operate properly. Every time we take in more of these substances, either through food, medicine or illegal drugs, we keep getting weaker, regardless of any alleged advance in our medical sciences.

The people that were projected all around us continued smiling and talking amongst themselves. The children were happy and running everywhere, and the animals that were brought to us, both known and unknown, were now being taken away. We started to climb again. The people didn't look at us as we departed. They only scattered. Slowly we glided through *Kaa's* sky.

In the distance I again saw several circular formations, similar to the one we had just visited. Again I saw many flowers, as well as rivers and beautiful lakes. You could also the people enjoying these. None of them were aware of our presence. The landscape could really be described as paradise. The vegetation was abundant and the colors of the flowers really stood out. Though my breathing had returned to normal, the fear of falling from that high up was still with me. The human and his companions still stood in the same place. I could still feel ground beneath my feet, but it looked like we were flying. We all seemed to be moving at around 20 miles per hour. The landscape beneath our feet drew back like a big curtain.

In the air you could see different birds as well as what we'd consider prehistoric flying animals. Though everything I was seeing was beautiful, my heart still harbored terror and panic. It beat in such a way that I was sure if I looked I'd see it beat through my white sweaty shirt. "Was all this real?" At the time I thought that maybe I had suffered and accident on the road of *La Bajura* on my way from work and that maybe this was 'the other side'. My mind slipped in and out from time to time so I wasn't sure what was real and what was not. Thought the human wearing the black clothes had told us about his home, I was still terribly confused. In this state of confusion, with my heart beating out of my chest and my eyes open like a dead fish, I kept gliding through *Kaa's* sky with the others.

We stopped over a place that looked like a farm. The fields were tended by hundreds of *oemores*. They were harvesting something I couldn't make out and our guide didn't tell us. The *oemores* looked like organized ants. Each one carrying out their role under the *Kaa* sun, which had the same characteristics as our own star on Earth, so far I as could tell. We couldn't fell its heat though, since it was only a projection. We stood over that farm only for a short while. I managed to see many *oemores* carrying some sort of boxes. I thought that maybe in them they were carrying whatever it is they were harvesting. They took them inside a big building that looked was made out of bricks.

The color of the building was terracotta. I didn't see any vehicles around. They all walked on foot. From what I could tell from the height and distance that I was, they could have been harvesting potatoes or yams or something like that. I really couldn't be sure though. We left the farm and continued our journey. On the horizon we started to see what looked like a great city. When we got there I saw there were no people around. There were lots of majestic buildings made out of a solid looking material resembling concrete or cement. They didn't have any windows and though I could not see any entrances I figured there had to be somewhere. Some of the buildings were rectangular shaped and others squared. In the middle of all these gray buildings there was a great wonder: an enormous pyramid. It looked as if it was constructed out of the same material as the houses we'd just seen. It seemed as if were made out of polished precious stones or shiny different colored ice. The colors all fused together. The base of the pyramid was turquoise blue. This turned into a purple and then a fiery red at the very top. The seven wonders of our world couldn't compare to this monument. I watched in disbelief. My mind could barely take it. This great

deserted city was indeed impressive. Flowers did not grow here and what appeared to be roads between the buildings were devoid of any form of life. Suspended in mid air in front of the enormous pyramid he spoke again.

- This is the government center for the mother planet of *Kaa* and for its descendants who inhabit the planets of this Solar System in particular.

According to our guide, this is where his father works as a helper in the affairs of the planets. Our guide's father is in charge of those operations that have to do with the observation of our planet Earth, or *CRIO*, as they call it. He also told us the other square buildings were laboratories and that the *oemores* were mass produced in some of them. We didn't descend to this government center.

We continued our journey, still seated, until we reached a place were there was no more vegetation and what appeared to be a desert came up. In the distance you could see something resembling an urban zone made up of houses with round metallic rooftops that reflected the sun. As we got closer I realized that what I was really seeing was just an extension of the desert filled with hundreds of circular vehicles, what are commonly known as "flying saucers". All except three of these were the same size. Amongst all the crafts I saw a building of staggering proportions that looked like a granary.

While we were, apparently, suspended over this warehouse or airport, one of the ships left the ground and got close to us. It was immense, even bigger than a 747 airplane. We couldn't hear any sounds. It was very impressive. It had a circular shape, like two inverted plates one on top of the other. In the center of its upper part it had a dome that looked like it was made out of glass. Below in the center it had another dome identical to

the one on the top. It was a smoky gray blue color. When it got in top of us I noticed that beams came of the dome in the center up to the crafts edge which gave the impression of the sun and its rays. All of a sudden the vehicle climbed very high and it lit up, which really made it look like a real sun. It then descended and positioned itself below. Our chairs again started to turn. I really couldn't tell the bottom part of the object from its upper part since they looked identical. The ship again started to move and our chairs stopped right in front of the human and his two *oemores*. A door of sorts opened from the edge of the upper part of the vehicle and from there a smaller one emerged. It was like a navy blue car with no wheels. This car-ship had a glass top or something that looked like glass. It had many lights around it and when it passed over our heads I noticed it had lights in the bottom as well. Though the lights never actually turned on, they gave the impression they were lights. The auto-UFO got closer and I could see the driver was a little boy and an *oemore* was with him. It was as if the driver could see us suspended in mid air because he raised his arm as if to greet us. The blond blue-eyed boy started doing different maneuvers in the air. He was demonstrating his abilities.

The smaller vehicle then went back inside the large craft, which descended to its original location. I saw everything so clearly: the sky, the different objects, "how could they be so real?" I still didn't have an answer, what I was seeing all around me was like a dream.

One the three larger vehicles left the ground. This one looked like it was the size of baseball field. It went over our heads up to a point where it looked a little smaller. This time instead of another vehicle coming out of its interior, it divided itself into four parts. Kind of like a cake or a pizza. Each portion had beneath it in its center a sort of dome, which looked like

it was made out of the same material as the others we'd seen. They positioned themselves in a single line and one by one these triangles slowly flew over us. According to our human guide, these vehicles were solar powered.

The sweat poured down my forehead and into my eyes. Every now and then when I felt my circulation wasn't normal, it was as if thousands of needles were piercing through my skin. Sitting like that for such a long time was terrible.

We then witnessed the four parts of this huge ship come together as one with great precision. It then descended and placed itself between the others. The smaller vehicles were blue-gray in color, like blue smoke, while the bigger ones were dark in color, like ash, almost black. From our position, suspended in the *Kaa* sky, I couldn't see if these crafts landed on their bellies or if they used wheels or something else to do so.

Our seats started to turn again until we were right in front of that gigantic silo like structure. It looked like it was made out of aluminum. The human extraterrestrial told us that all their vehicles were built and repaired there. We didn't see any personnel there and we couldn't really see an entrance to that building. It was probably located on the side that we couldn't see.

We then continued our flight and left that place in the desert behind. Though everything we were seeing was of great beauty, I again started to feel panic. Nothing could compare to the beauty of the trees, mountains, prairies, rivers, and most of all the flowers. All the colors stood out and were alive. The reds were redder, the green of the trees and grass even greener, and blue sky was indescribable. I felt at that point a lot of mixed

emotions. On the one hand I was mesmerized, and on the other terrorized. A very particular combination of emotions I'd say. I wanted to stay in that place of extraordinary beauty, yet I also wanted to go back home in a hurry.

Through this projection fifteen human beings from Earth got to know the beautiful place were our kidnapper and two of his creatures with bulging eyes and large heads came from. But there was more to come. We got to a valley surrounded by mountains. There was an abundance of waterfalls and all kinds of vegetation and flowers of electrifying colors. We stopped and our seats commenced turning as they had done before. We slowly observed the gorgeous landscape. As we turned he spoke again:

- Observe this place well. This is how your Earth should look like. In the beginning, where you come from was indeed designed this way.

Our seats continued to turn slowly and his voice became, for lack of other noises and sounds, the center of my attention. He continued:

- Among you there are some who will contribute to the reestablishment of your world's original beauty.

By now, I couldn't tell fact from fiction.

The seats stopped turning and we ended up facing him. He started to talk to those who were in the first line. To these first five he called individually by their names and looked at deeply into their eyes. He gave them some sort of task. Some were assigned to the care of the animals, others to the sea and its many species. Others were assigned to agriculture, the birds and others things I don't recall. When it was my turn I remembered I couldn't look him in the eye. I was terrified of his deep penetrating look. Even though I didn't look at him, still he addressed me.

- *Amaury*, you will help with the nature renewal of your world. You'll help the trees, the grass, and most importantly the flowers live on after what's to come.

I simply didn't understand. I knew nothing of flowers or trees, other that they needed earth, water, and sunlight. He then mentioned the name of the boy sitting on my right and proceeded to instruct him, as he did also with the rest of us.

- Have you understood what I've just told you? – He asked.

Nobody said a word. It seems as if some of us shook our heads in response to what the strange subject dressed in black asked us. He said that in time we would understand, that now we were just like children. He then said:

- Children are born without knowledge. However, step by step they acquire knowledge and wisdom. This is how it will happen for you as well.

I still didn't dare look at him. I feared meeting his intimidating eyes. I looked everywhere except in his direction. When he addressed the whole group I could look at him, but when he fixed his eyes on me I could not face him.

Slowly the landscape started to lose all its colors and started to vibrate visually. Everything then faded to darkness. When we could see again, or when the lights we could not see turned on, we found ourselves in that same room with the human who had identified himself as *Amarón*. Beside him stood his two monstrosities.

In this first projection there are many details I have omitted. I basically gave a general idea. The projections I'm about to narrate are short but shocking. They contain chilling and horrifying scenes. These are the most

important given to us by this being for our humanity. My sincere intention is not to alarm or traumatize anybody, but there's no other way of presenting them without doing so. In all truth, the images we saw are alarming not just for my country, but for the entire world. It's extremely hard for me to put into words the horror and suffering that those other fourteen people and myself went through when we saw that horrendous panorama. The dates of the events I'm about to describe where not given to us. Yet with every day that goes by I'm more convinced that were not that far off. I now understand what others before me, who have had something to say and nobody listened, have gone through. It's up to you, the reader, to take action or wait till it's too late. I beg you not to wait until they close the doors of the symbolic ark. Prepare yourselves and in a timely manner enter the ark of life. Don't wait to feel the rain fall on your face. Out of a sense of duty I give you the next projection.

Chapter 4 (Projection #2)

The room seemed as it had gray walls again. These apparently solid walls now turned into light, daylight. Suddenly we were all sitting on top of a mountain. It was a nice sunny day. As opposed to the first projection, this one had sound. We could hear the breeze between the trees, birds chirping, cars in the distance and even a rooster. This projection appeared even more real than the other because of the sound. The only thing left was to feel the actual breeze in my hair and the sun on my skin. From my position I could see the ocean and lots of little houses spread out everywhere. The lampposts looked like toothpicks.

The vegetation of this place though green, wasn't as alive as the one we'd previously seen and there were no flowers. The green was rather opaque in comparison. Our seats started to turn and we then saw some towers that looked like they were used for communication of sorts. The guide told us that this place was in the western part of Puerto Rico. It looked like a normal, peaceful day. Judging from the suns orientation it might have been around noon. All of a sudden everything was engulfed in a dark shadow, as if the day had sped up tremendously. As I looked up I saw something obstructing the sun. Only a small portion of the sun was visible. I thought of maybe an eclipse.

A loud buzzing sound was heard in the distance. Like continuous thunder. We all saw it at the same time, up in the sky: a rock! It was crumbling into pieces as it came down, but its size instead of decreasing only increased as it got closer. Everyone in our group, including our guide and his two companions, was headed towards that dark object that fell from the sky. Before we left that position on the top of the mountain I thought I heard

what seemed to be people screaming. I couldn't see them but I heard them. Some of the others that were with me also started to scream. It was horrifying. I wanted to jump out of my seat but, where would I go? I remember wanting to close my eyes, but I could not. I had to see. I'll never forget those screams. They were so haunting I felt an almost uncontrollable urge to tear my clothes off. As the object got closer I noticed it was on fire. For a moment I thought it was the sun but when we got to a height that placed us over the rock the sun was then on top of us. We now had a better view of it. It had an enormous fire tail made up of its own burning pieces, like lava. I placed my hands on my ears and yelled off the top of my lungs: nooo! The thunder like sound got so loud I thought my eardrums would burst. I simply cannot describe the sound this rock-island made as it fell. If you'd stand close to the space shuttle's rockets during takeoff maybe you would have an idea of what it was like. It got to the point were I could not even hear myself screaming. I was about to collapse, and I think I actually did for a moment. I'm not lying when I say that at the time I went mad.

We apparently fell with this island-rock. The falling sensation was terrible. By then I'd stop screaming and could only watch dumbfounded as the next events unfolded. We stopped in mid air and saw the rock hit the ocean, near the western coast of Puerto Rico. It caused an explosion, as if a bomb had gone off. The impact created a huge vapor, water and smoke ball that reached our position in the air. I thought we'd get wet, but this was impossible. The island was shaken. We descended a bit more near the coast. The screams were heard again and every time the island shook, every tree vibrated. The sun still shone as if unaware of all that was happening. The vapor ball turned into a rain that fell everywhere.

We then heard another thunder like sound, but this time caused by an earthquake. A woman that was in group couldn't take it anymore and fainted. She slipped from her seat and I thought she would fall into that disaster, yet she only fell on the invisible floor of that projection room. She looked like she was floating in the air while unconscious. The two beings with fetus like heads rapidly went to her as if gliding through the air. They picked her up and placed her in her seat, yet she was still not conscious. I thought of helping her but I simply felt paralyzed and about to pass out myself. I couldn't feel my feet anymore. The little men returned to the human guide's side when something immense caught my attention. A wall had been raised, a gigantic, threatening, mortal wave. This devastating wall kept getting bigger as the water receded from the shore, leaving an uncommon landscape visible to the naked eye. Corals, reefs and all kinds of sea life where now exposed to the direct sunlight. We could see underwater valleys and hills, as well as great aquatic cliffs. What I could only guess were fish leaped over the now exposed sea floor due to the ocean being pulled back. The wall grew solid and overwhelming. I thought of my friends and family. Then I thought they were only cleverly projected images. I heard the island shake again and with it the horror screams of the Puerto Rican population.

When the sea had receded a few miles out, the wall then started to make its way to the island. I could imagine what was about to happen. I wanted to beg the human guide to stop the projection. A looked at him and his two companions for a moment and I felt hate. He was just standing there so unmoved while all this was happening, sure of himself, untouchable. I didn't want to see what was happening but all the while I couldn't stop watching. The great wall was approaching land. It got to the coast but it didn't stop there. It kept going inland. It seemed to be dragging everything

in its path. Thousands of hysterical screams were drowned. In a matter of seconds everything was dead silent. The giant wave broke somewhere out of our range of vision. It covered everything, even the mountains.

Somehow we started to get a better view of everything. The sea was full of debris and garbage. We saw hundreds of destroyed homes and their remains floating everywhere. Palm trees and other trees had been yanked out of the ground. What looked like a little island was actually the top of one of the highest mountains of the area. Thousands of drowned people and animals floated in the water. The strange thing was that everything happened on broad daylight. The sun shone just like it did before the disaster, as if nothing had happened.

All of us in the group cried uncontrollably. The lady who had fainted had regained consciousness. The emotional pain was very strong. It made you want to cease living. The guide tried to console us by reminding us that they were merely projected images, and that it wasn't really happening right now. Mi thoughts were all over the place. The images we saw went in and out of my mind like in a television with a child holding the remote control. My nervous system was about to burst. I imagined horrible scenes relating to my family. I thought that maybe some of the people who had drowned were them. Our seats revolved slowly so that we could observe all the horror. The only thing not covered by the turbulent sea of the area we were looking at was that small portion of land that looked like a little island. I don't know if all of Puerto Rico was now underwater, since we could only see this area in particular. The water looked dark and dirty. The debris in it was tremendous. I didn't see any more birds and the only human presence was us.

We returned to where we faced the guide and his creations again. I thought I saw sadness in the face of the one that called himself *Amarón.* We headed towards that small portion of land that was not underwater. Was this all that was left of Puerto Rico? Or maybe now *Puerto Chico*? We descended to this place. There was no vegetation and the ground was wet. It was a very small piece of land, maybe twenty homes could be built there. From this closer perspective the sea looked even darker and all the things floating in it we could see clearer. The sea water rain caused by the impact had ceased. All of a sudden the image went wavy and it disappeared. In its place the walls of that place again were made visible.

It was the end of that projection and I was relieved. I didn't want to see anymore. I only wanted to get out of that place. Fear though, I think, keep me from doing it. Also, I didn't see doors or windows. Even if I had mustered up the courage to do it, again, where would I run to? How would I get out? And there was also the possibility that those two creatures would go after me. The mere thought of them touching me again was enough to make me to stay put. The man dressed in black gave us a few moments to settle down. Some, myself included, were still crying. He insisted that what we'd just seen was just an image, but that in reality, that's how it would happen. Those words destroyed me: "… in reality that's how it would happen". Which reality? At the time I didn't know what that was. My own reality had died. They had killed it.

- Now I ask that you calm down. Remember that is not happening now, they're only images. The next projection will only be shown partially, in just one dimension. It will be less difficult then to absorb the information. However I warn you that these will be the most shocking so be prepared.

With theses words the room went dark again. I gulped and for a moment stopped breathing. We started to turn again in our seats and then suddenly stopped. With this movement instead of being in the last row I was now in the first. The person that had been in front of me was now to my right and the boy that was next to me was now behind. The guide and his friends to our right. This projection we saw as if we were in a movie theater except that the images were clearer and with a lot of depth perception. It was like watching the events through a glass. I remember looking back to see if I could catch a view of the projector o device that was playing these images that looked so real. The only thing I could see though were there faces filled with terror of the others in the group, and the room's infinite darkness. This projection had no sound and it resembled a documentary. The narrator was he who had stated was an extraterrestrial.

Chapter 5 (Projection #3)

It started by showing different government buildings on Earth. The last was the White House in Washington, D.C. He told us:

- The different governments that rule the nations, humanity, have their own interests in mind. The primary focus of these rulers is power and absolute control. Their only objective is to acquire wealth at all costs. In this scheme, money and the excessive value it has been given play a major role. This blinds them to the imminent destruction.

While he spoke we could see how the United States presidential building started to shake and crumble by what seemed to be an earthquake. It was left in ruins. The next images showed seismic activity throughout the whole world.

As we watched he informed us that earthquakes and tsunamis would become an everyday occurrence in our world. We would come to live in a society were building construction would cease. We saw places devastated by the holocaust and people escaping from their destroyed homes. You could see the pain and suffering in their faces. With started to cry in agony. Everything we saw was horrendous. I asked myself why I kept watching when I really didn't want to see anymore or hear that being.

Afterwards I saw hundreds of people in something that resembled a camp. It was filled with tents and shelters made out of car tires. Everything and everyone looked dirty. In the distance I could see some ruins but I couldn't make out what they were. The human told us that during these times there would be very little people left on Earth due to the earthquakes and horrible sickness. All the water would be severely contaminated. He also told us

that there would not be any kind of sea life whatsoever. We actually saw inside the water and there wasn't a trace of any kind of fish or algae, only black waters and garbage. He added:

- Birds would become extinct due to man. Though they will feed him for a while.

In other images we saw pileups of military equipment. The one who called himself *Amarón* informed us that peace would reign in those days, not for the efforts of our governments, but because of the lack of people. There'd be actually only one government, a global government, one whose sole purpose would be the wellbeing of the survivors. No sooner he said this, he then showed us a grand island. It had a great dome made of glass of some kind that covered it completely. He told us that the world government would build a huge floating city over the contaminated waters. The earthquakes wouldn't affect it and tsunamis would be detected with enough time avoid them.

This island-city will be like an enormous ship steered clear of all danger. Only certain privileged people would be able to live there. There they would have all kinds of amenities, comforts, and luxuries. The government would make sure that all who reside there are free from all types of illnesses. This artificial island will be named Atlantis. They would all proclaim themselves chosen by the Originator (God), but their behavior towards the rest of humanity would be deplorable and shameful. The citizens of rest of the planet would survive with very little resources. If anyone would try to get close to this governmental city, they would immediately be annihilated by lasers installed on four observation towers located on the dome exteriors. No one would be allowed in or out.

In the images I could discern the shape of the island. It was squared and it had cylindrical, glass like towers in its corners. They were connected to the immense dome. Along its edges there were glass tunnels that almost touched the water. I could see people walking in them as well as on the towers. Inside the dome you could see vegetation and buildings. The dome seemed to be resting on some sort of net that served as its skeletal structure.

We were showed images of its interiors. It was a very pretty place. It had gardens and orchards. Along the streets people walked dressed in the same style of clothing that we use now, clothing that didn't seem futuristic looking at all. Streets were made out of cement or something like it. I saw places that looked like stores, restaurants with people seated on the exterior, and many others on bicycles. The buildings were not high and their architecture had a blend of styles: Oriental, European, American, Contemporary, and others. The people in this artificial place looked healthy and worry free.

Meanwhile, as we were shown, the rest of humanity rotting. People living in ruins and rubbish, wandering lonely places. We were told that money would lose its value and that only the strongest would survive. Also, we were shown people trying to form some sort of government, but their very nature wouldn't allow it. Fires would spread throughout the entire planet. There will be so many dead from hunger, disease, and earthquakes that they'll be thrown in those fires. There wouldn't be time or resources to burry them. We were told society as we know it would cease to exist. Only the rich, powerful, and disease free people would live in the floating city. The rest of humanity would return to a semi prehistoric state.

The air would smell like death, but the stench would not reach the governmental island-city. Its dome would protect her. We were shown how the sky slowly saturated with ash. The clouds will be black and so will the rain. He told us that there would come a day in which man will feed off of man in order to survive. Many will chose to commit suicide. All this information was accompanied by the corresponding images. I almost threw up when I saw a family feeding themselves.

He said that after all of this and more had transpired there would take place the major event, the cataclysmic earthquake. Its magnitude and duration would be like nothing ever seen before. Its force would be enough to destroy de nuclear plant that powered the floating island. The explosion of this power plant would initiate a chain reaction of multiple explosions across the globe. Hundreds of abandoned nuclear weapons would blow up. The great city and its inhabitants will be reduced to bits and pieces and would sink into the dark sea forever.

The planet's geography would suffer extraordinary and drastic changes. Nothing will look the same. We were shown the planet from a distance in space: a dark and smoke globe, a dead planet. There would barely be any survivors. How did those survive? We were not told. The planet we were shown was covered with ash, and the sun and its rays could not penetrate the sky. Night lasted throughout the day. Night and day and time ceased to have any meaning. The guide then told us that then would come "The Time of the Originator". This I honestly didn't understand. I am now going to try my best to describe the images we saw next.

Our world appeared in darkness. A group of people gathered around a fire. Their clothing looked like rags. It looked as if they were roasting sausages.

In their faces there was death in life. They were all skin and bones, men women and children. The ash covered them from head to toe. Close to that group there was a cave that gave off light. I thought that maybe there were a few more of them inside. One of them was looking at the dark sky. He gestured and pointed to the sky. We didn't hear was he was saying or shouting since the projection had no sound. The others went to him and when they looked up they started to jump from joy but I could also see in their faces a little madness. More people came out of the cave and joined the apparent celebration. We still couldn't see what was causing this behavior. All of a sudden something from the sky illuminated all these fifty or so people. They were all staring as if hypnotized. They stopped moving. They seemed like trapped in a circle by the light.

We all observed the group of people lit up in that circle but we still couldn't see where the light was coming from. It looked as if it was coming from the darkness of the sky. Suddenly another smaller column of light appeared that shone in front of the group. Inside this light the figure of a man seemed to descend to the ground. The small column of light blended with the larger one and the man addressed to group. We couldn't hear what he said though.

The image slowly withdrew from us. From above all we could see were little shadows. The fire looked like a little lit match. In the sky appeared an intense light, as if the sun itself had come down below the clouds of ash. The light descended slowly, away from us. It looked as if it got bigger as it went down.

The light formed a brilliant circle. It was enormous, maybe even a few miles in diameter. It got to a point were we could see its upper part. It was

an illuminated object, solid and gigantic. On its surface it had glass like buildings of different bright colors. Its appearance was glorious and magnificent as it reached the ground.

It looked like a brooch of precious stones. Illuminated and full of colors, there was great contrast between it and that place of darkness. Spread out in the distance we noticed other rays of light like the one covering the group of people we were looking at. If from a distance this object looked the size of a football field then up close it must have been much larger. Imagine if you will and green tray with intense colored square, round, and triangular objects.

We saw the ray of light ascend and with the visitor and the rest of the people. Only darkness was left behind. The group climbed up to the point where the light was coming from. The other rays of light started to do the same. It looked as if those too transported people in them but we couldn't see it clearly. In the middle of the darkness we now only saw that giant stadium like object that gave off a fluorescent green light and the small fire on the ground. There was then movement over that object and immediately we saw columns of light form a circle on the objects surface. Through those columns of light descended little figures. After, the lights again ascended. I started to notice the image and the object got closer to us. According to the images, we were approaching from the top. The green tray turned out to be grass, trees, and vegetation. There were flowers, fruits, and animals there. The precious stones turned out to be houses and homes.

From a great sphere in the center of this object poured a crystal clear river. The river ran through blue turquoise canals up to the edges of that green tray. It flowed in two directions, from the center to right and from the

center to the left. Everything was full of color. In this place, this city, were placed the survivors who now ran and jumped from joy while they feed off the fruits of the trees. Some also bathed in the crystal clear waters. It was all illuminated, like daylight, a daylight that formed a sort of blanket or aura in the form of a dome that covered the city. The brightness reflected in the streets that looked like they were made out of gold bricks, or at least gold colored.

As we watched the survivors rejoice we heard a voice:

- This is a gift from the Originator. It was created with the help of the other humanities of the cosmos. In this place you will live for a thousand of your years. By then your Earth will be healthy again so that you can start over. There you will find all kinds of seeds and everything necessary for your reestablishment.

The projection ended by showing us a green landscape full of life, a blue sky, and flowers everywhere. The people who lived on this place looked happy and content. Animal life was abundant. It was our Earth. The image then undulated like ripples in the water and it vanished.

Everything was again dark for a moment. I heard some of the others crying. Then that light that came from nowhere returned. Our seats turned until we were facing the human. The walls had recovered their solid gray appearance. He told us that soon I'd be time to return.

- Do not be afraid of them, they will not harm you. – He said.

The creatures then lifted their arms as if to show him their palms. He placed his own palms against theirs. The creatures then went one by one and placed their hands on our foreheads. As they did people would lose consciousness. I remember when I first saw this I got so agitated I thought

I'd die from a heart attack. I didn't want them to place their damn hands on me. At the same time I actually wanted to lose consciousness. Besides, this was probably a sign that this nightmare was now over.

The little man with the big head stopped in front of me. His big, bulging, dark eyes fixed on me. I felt sort of hypnotized, either from some suggestive power the creature had or from the fear I felt. He lifted his arm and directed his hand, palm facing outward, towards my forehead. I wanted to run, escape, and scream with all my heart. He touched my forehead and everything went dark.

I blinked and saw brightness. I saw one of those little men at a distance. He had in his hands a small black instrument in the shape of a rectangular box. He brought it closer to his eyes with both hands. The box gave of a ray of light that left me blind for a second and that I then felt on my forehead. It happened again and I didn't have time to think or react. I do not know how many times the process repeated itself or for what reason, it all happened so quickly.

Chapter 6

When I came to and opened my eyes I started to cry; I couldn't contain myself. Never before had I felt so many unknown emotions. I was back in my car and held the wheel as if my life depended on it. I was still crying by the time I noticed that it was daytime, morning. "Where was I?" I thought to myself that this wasn't *La Bajura* and that I must have woken somewhere else. The road I took from work was made out of tar and the one I was on now was mostly a dirt and gravel road and was much wider. I had no idea were I was. I looked everywhere yet nothing seemed familiar. I didn't see people or houses; the area was deserted. I was able to stop crying and when I was about to get out of the car was when I heard the military planes. Then, when I looked up at the sky I saw it: round in shape and blue-gray in color. At first I only saw its bottom section. It had a dome made out of some reflective material. The UFO didn't make a sound. It was suspended in the air like some act of magic while three military planes surveyed it.

They flew very low, almost as if they could hit the ground. I even thought they might actually crash into each other. One of them got dangerously close to the UFO. I took my cousin's camera and got out of the car. I raised the camera and looked through its lens. Every time I took a picture I heard a noise not unlike the one a digital watch makes, like a "beep-beep". I heard it many times. I never new where that sound came from, if from the object or some other place.

The object then tilted and I was able to see the upper part, which was identical to the bottom. They both had the same dome and a star like design that went from the center to the edges. After it tilted it shot up and was lost

from view. As it took off I saw a flash of light. I don't if it was produced by this flying saucer or by the reflection on its dome. The planes then left in opposite direction. I thought they'd go after it but they didn't. All this happened in a matter of seconds, probably less time than it took you to read this part.

Everything was now quiet and looked as if I was dreaming. Like a zombie I went back to my car. I started up the motor and headed in the direction it was pointing. I had no idea where I was. I was driving on an open field, slowly, and immersed in my thoughts. When I woke up in my car and was crying I had no recollection of what had transpired that morning, but when I saw the planes and the other silent object, I remembered the encounter. However, I could only remember when one of the little men opened my car door and the fear I felt. What took place after that was as if it never happened. First a moment filled with terror caused by those beings, and then its daytime and I'm in my car somewhere else.

I stopped thinking about all this and just hurried home. Finally I came upon a woman watering her garden. Still dazed I asked her the way to *Cabo Rojo* thinking that if I could get there I could figure out my way home. She told me that we were in one of its neighborhood called *Las Palmas* and she then told me how to get to the 301 road that would that me into town. I'd never felt so lost in my life. Following her instructions I got to the 301 road. When I got there I turned and headed to the beach *El Combate.* I stopped and asked again. They told me that *Cabo Rojo* was in the opposite direction, so I turned and headed that way. I drove still not knowing where I was going, just hoping I could get home and get some sleep. When I got to a certain intersection I recognized it. It was the end of the 301 road. Here started road 103 which I knew would lead to *Mamá's* house. I knew this

sector well because when I got here from New York I went through it many times to get to the *Boquerón* beach, and it was also the route I took to get to my other job. I had also eaten many times in the restaurant that was in this intersection. From there I got home safe and sound. I parked my car and went inside with the camera in my hand. *Mamá* was already up. She was worried and asked why I'd gotten home so late. She later told me I didn't answer her and I went straight to my bedroom.

I placed the camera on the night table and took of my clothes. When I took off my trousers I realized I had peed on myself. I didn't think much of it, I just wanted to sleep. I closed all the windows and went to sleep naked. I had nothing in particular in mind when I started to fall asleep, no bad thoughts or anything that might interrupt my sleep. By the time I got to my bedroom from where I'd taken the pictures I had forgotten everything. I sleep deeply and didn't get up for the rest of the day. I didn't leave my room neither to go to the bathroom nor to eat. My grandmother later told me she'd tried to wake me up but couldn't.

I got up at around 9:30 or 10:00pm to use the bathroom and to eat a sandwich. I then slept till the next day. When I woke up it was as if nothing had happened, like I just returned from work like any other normal day. The human mind is incredible; sometimes it knows when to forget. If not for this ability one could go mad. My memories had been blocked. Still, I was tense and wanted to cry but didn't know why. That day I went to my waiting job as usual. The next day, or a few days after I don't really remember, I gave my cousin back her camera with the film still inside. I told her what had happened with her record.

The next couple of days I went to work as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Not too long after my cousin called me over the phone. She sounded a little upset and told me about the pictures of *El Gran Combo* and of some other pictures. She didn't explain a whole lot and she asked to come over there. I hung up and my only thought was that maybe the pictures didn't come out right. Many times had I taken pictures before and cut people's heads off. I went to her house refusing to hear any criticism on my abilities as a photographer. She lived nearby. When I got there her husband and her kids where with her and they all looked frightened. "What is this?" I asked myself. She showed me the pictures.

- This is *El Gran Combo*. – I told her.
- Keep going. – She the said.
- *El Gran Combo*, *El Gran Combo*, and …

It was as if someone had thrown me a bucket of cold water. My mind couldn't resist anymore. I started to shake and my cousin and her family got worried. Who's that man dressed in black? What are those things? I couldn't answer her. I couldn't even speak. I ran out of there, got in my car, and headed home. I remember then calling me but I didn't pay any attention. When I got home I ran to the bedroom. *Mamá* got terrified seeing me in such a hurry and so upset. I locked myself in my room and lay on my bed in fetal position with the pictures in my hands. I stayed like that for long time. *Mamá* would knock on my door but I didn't answer.

I hear the phone ring. *Mamá* was talking to my cousin, who wanted to know if I'd gotten home all right. After she hung up she went to my bedroom determined to find out what was going on. I didn't answer her, I couldn't. I still trembled uncontrollably. Some nerve below my right eye started to move on its own. I heard my grandmother call my aunt, who lives

below our house. She called and I could hear the panic in her voice. Her daughter, my aunt, came up to see what was going on. *Mamá* then told her what my cousin had said. Now both of them were knocking on my door and telling me to please come out.

I just wanted to be left alone. I did not want to speak, I couldn't. I wanted to be alone with my horrendous thoughts. Laying there as I was with my pictures in my hands and my eyes shut, I went over what had transpired that night. I saw it in my minds eyes like a movie. However, I could only remember that I left work and that I ran into those little beings and then fainting. From then on up until I woke up in my car in that other place, I couldn't remember a thing. Hard as I tried I couldn't recall what happened during that period of time. Danny, one of my younger cousins, joined the voices outside my door. I could hear they were worried and I also heard someone trying to open the door. Danny, armed with a piece of wire managed to open the door. When they opened the door I immediately sat up. He started to peak through the door but when he saw the possessed look on my face, as he later told me, he got scared. I screamed at him to close the door, which he immediately did.

I went back to my original position but I could hear them whispering. It wasn't the right time to talk to them. If I managed to not go mad, I'd explain later. At the moment I only wanted to think about what happened on the night of the encounter. Above all I struggled to try and remember what had happened between when I fainted and when I took the pictures. It was like trying to remember someone's name but you can't. Terrible as it was the limited memory I had of what transpired, what was worst was not being able to remember it completely.

I heard my cousin's voice outside, the owner of the camera. While I was lost I my thoughts she had also joined the group. Apparently, she was explaining to them what she knew. They talked amongst themselves, asked questions and at times were silent. All of a sudden my grandmother started to cry. That's when my aunt went my door and begged me to come out and explain what was going on. She told me *Mamá* was very upset, and to please remember that her health was very delicate right now. I got up with the intention of going out to the living room and tell *Mamá* that everything was all right but instead I locked the door and went back to bed.

They kept talking and I think they were also trying to calm down my grandmother. I seemed as if more of my family had arrived. I felt as if I had lost touch with reality. I looked around me and everything seemed strange. My bed and all my belongings now felt like things from the past. It was all like a dream. My reality had fused with something I never thought could be possible. I closed my windows again and it got dark again despite the daylight outside. I took my shoes and clothes off and decided it was probably a good idea to go to sleep before my brain exploded.

Later I found out that during that day *Mamá's* house was packed. Everyone had their own version of what had happened. They all desperately wanted to see the pictures. My cousin described to them what she and her family had seen but none were satisfied. *Mamá* had settled down and everyone stayed pretty much till the evening. They cooked, ate, and drank coffee. The topic of conversation didn't change. At times they looked at my door, intrigued. I later also found out that some placed their heads to the door to try and hear anything. Of course, they heard nothing. When they were all too tired and sleepy they left but agreed to come back the next day in the afternoon.

That morning I had my first nightmare. I was walking down a road similar to *La Bajura*. It was nighttime and I was in my waiter uniform; white shirt, black pants, and black shoes. The moonlight illuminated the misty road. There were trees alongside it. The wide road seemed to go on without end. I wasn't scared, despite my circumstances. I then felt someone walking behind me and I quickly turned. There was no one. When I turned back to keep walking I noticed feet. Standing right there was the little one. He had his hand raised as if to touch me. Before he could do it I started to run in the opposite direction. I looked over my shoulder and saw that the little man with the big deformed head was following me. At times he caught up with me and pulled me by my shirt. When I felt him I ran faster and was able to free myself.

During this nightmare I ran and screamed through the fog like my life was in danger. The little man again grabbed me and I again escaped. I woke up form this screaming. I yelled that he was going to get me. This was the first of a many torment filled nights. *Mamá* knocked on the door scared and asked me what was happening. I got up covered in sweat, turned on the light and opened the door. *Mamá* was in her nightgown and I noticed she looked extremely worried. When I saw her I rushed to her arms like a child and started to cry. She helped me get in my bed and asked me what was happening but I couldn't tell her; I only said I had a nightmare. I calmed down and then she asked me if the nightmare had something to do with the pictures. I nodded.

Meanwhile someone knocked on the front door and *Mamá* went to see who it was. It was my aunt and one of her sons, the ones while live downstairs. The talked with *Mamá* for a while and then entered my room. Are you all

right? They asked. I told them I was and that I only wanted to go back to sleep. I also apologized to them for waking them up in the middle of the night. My cousin Danny looked at me scared, he was pale. *Mamá* and my aunt gave me a kiss and Danny said goodnight. They left my room and I fell asleep listening to them whisper behind my door. I didn't have any other nightmare that night that I remember but these turned into something so consecutive that it nearly destroyed my family.

Chapter 7

When I woke up my mom had already made coffee. I could smell it from my bed. First I thought of the coffee and then of my nightmare, the one I lived and the one I had the previous night. All of a sudden I had glimmer of hope. I thought to myself that maybe everything, including my cousin's phone call had all been a nightmare produced by my subconscious. There was no phone call and no pictures. I got up and felt a little happy. I didn't see the pictures anywhere around. I lifted up my mattress though and there they were. In an instant I got depressed. I left the pictures there and went to the bathroom.

As I drank my cup of coffee *Mamá* bombarded me with thousands of questions. She asked me if I wanted to talk to her about what had happened the day before. I didn't answer so she kept asking questions. "Son, what are those pictures your cousin is talking about?" Without answering her I put my coffee on the table and went to get the pictures. When I showed them to her she was mute and had to sit down. "What is this? Where were these taken? When?" She asked. I looked at her straight in the eyes and told her it was the night in which Mother's Day was celebrated at *Casa Blanca*. "Who is this man dressed in black?" I told her I didn't know. "And what about the big headed doll?" I told her that I didn't think it was a doll. I felt sad for my grandmother. In her face I saw a lot of confusion and denial of what she was seeing in the pictures. She told me that the plane in the picture was very much like the ones seen in the area that seem they're going to tear the roof when they fly by. "And what is that other thing with the plane?" I told her I didn't know but that it looked like those flying saucers that some people talk about.

While *Mamá* was looking at the pictures my aunt slowly came up the stairs. “Come and take a look at this” my grandmother said. When she was handed the pictures she too had to sit down. I kept drinking my coffee and it was *Mamá* who answered her questions. Was cousin was next to come up and when they showed him the pictures his jaw dropped. Nervously he looked at *Mamá* and my aunt but he wouldn’t look at me or ask me any questions. I went into the living room and *Mamá* and my aunt came with me. Danny stayed in the kitchen and placed the pictures face down on the table. They both insisted I tell them everything that happened.

After I told them what I remembered we all became silent. None of us spoke for a while. They didn’t know what to say to me. Danny broke the silence by asking me what had happened between when I lost consciousness in *La Bajura* and when I woke in that other place where I took the pictures. I told them that as incredible as it might seem I couldn’t remember, my mind was blank. I told them that no matter how hard I tried I could not remember. Not knowing what happened to you in a time lapse of at least 2 and a half hours is frustrating and enough to start doubting yourself.

My aunt asked what I planned to do. “I don’t know” I said. I looked at them as if I was in a dream. I felt everything around me was not real. I was dazed and very confused. They wanted answers but I didn’t have them. I myself wanted answers. The thought of going back to sleep, of escaping, came back to me. I asked to be excused, took the pictures, and went back to my room. *Mamá* asked me if I was going to work that day and I said no. I asked her to call work and tell them I wasn’t feeling well. I looked at the pictures for a long time as I lay on my bed. I cried in silence.

I separated the pictures from the ones from the damn *Combo* so that I could give those back to my cousin. I put the others ones below my mattress. Everyone was behind my door, lost in their own thoughts. Meanwhile I rolled up in a sheet of inexistence that accompanied me.

That afternoon I woke up hungry. The first thing on my mind, however, was not food but the pictures and my experience of that morning. It is still the first thing I think of when I wake up. I heard voices so I got close to the door to try and make them out. It was my family who'd gotten together in the kitchen and living room. I had to go to the bathroom really bad but I didn't want to face them. I wasn't in the mood to answer all their questions. I waited as much as I could. They were all talking and when I opened the door they stopped and looked at me. They looked at me like I was from another world. I lowered my head and without saying a word I went to the bathroom. I didn't hear them talk while I was there but when I got out they all looked at me again in a very strange manner. "*Mamá* I'm hungry" was the first thing I said. After breaking the ice they all asked me how I was feeling. I told them I was all right but still a little confused. *Mamá* and some of my aunts warmed up some food and my cousins accompanied me to the living room. The strange this was that they were treating me like I was handicapped, as if I couldn't walk, and held me by my arms. Truth be told I was feeling pretty disoriented and a little dizzy, but maybe it was just that I was hungry.

I noticed they were all anxious, they wanted to hear about what had happened. One of my cousins started the interrogation in a very inappropriate manner and the others followed. The asked me everything and then some. The one who started said he wanted to see the pictures. I

told him where to find them and I asked him to bring the ones of *El Gran Combo* so that I could give them to my cousin. When he came back everyone gathered around him. The passed the pictures down and before my eyes they all got a little older. For a lot of them what they had previously thought about things in life had now changed. For my younger cousins this was something "cool", and "hip", "awesome". My relative's little kids asked me if I'd seen E.T. in his ship. Their parents told them to be quiet. The older were lost in their thoughts. *Mamá* brought my food out and told them to leave me alone.

When I got up to go eat they all offered me help in getting me to the kitchen. I thanked them but told them I could make it on my own. I didn't like being treated that way, like I was sick or something. I was still thankful that they wanted to help though. I couldn't eat in peace however. They shot at me with questions, one after the other. Even my grandmother, who had asked them to leave me alone, had now joined them. I told them to knock themselves out because after they were done and satisfied and I wasn't going to repeat anything. My uncles, aunts, cousins and grandmother came up with their own theories. They then started to argue amongst each other. Each of them thought that their theory of what had happened to me was the best. I saw them and heard them but it was as if I wasn't there. My mind was wandering in its own theories and conclusions, all the while trying to recall those lost memories for which I had no explanation.

That night I received a phone call from my father, who lived on the east side of Puerto Rico. More family had gathered home so by the time he called the house was again packed. They all went silent to try and hear the conversation, or at least my part of it. They'd already called him so he was already quite up to speed. He told that he thought it was all work of the

devil. My father is part of the Jehovah's Witnesses. I grew up among them so maybe that's why what my father was telling made sense. He said that Satan had the power to create UFO's and their crews and everything else having to do with the phenomenon. He added that Lucifer was capable of anything to confuse humanity, and that those creatures where demons and the craft was their creation. He told me that they were capable of taking any physical form they wished. This I didn't refute for I knew well, according to what I'd learned when I was a child, that this could be possible. My father advised me to forget about the matter, put away the pictures, and to spend more time reading the bible instead of wasting my time with the issue. I was thinking that maybe he was right, but the time I hung up my doubts had started to surface again.

My family asked what he'd told me. After I told them they said they didn't agree. Now I didn't know what to think. What in all truth had really happened? I was only partially conscious of what had happened to me. At last my family went away leaving me alone with *Mamá*. We started getting ready to go to bed so we closed the house and I gave *Mamá* a kiss goodnight.

I locked myself in my room where the windows where still closed. I grabbed a bible and started to read on the first page I opened it to. I read for a while, on my bed, until sleep overcame me. Before I turned off the light I looked at the pictures on more time. I finally turned off the light and went to sleep in an instant.

I'm walking down a road much like *La Bajura* dressed in my uniform. It's night and…he almost grabs me…he pulls me by the shirt…I run and run, screaming. I wake up screaming but haven't realized it's just a nightmare.

The knocks on my door brought me back. I hear *Mamá* calling and I opened it. What's wrong? I tell her about the nightmare. My aunt and her son knocked on the front door and grandmother let them in. Again? I heard my aunt asked *Mamá*. They came to my room and tried to calm me down. I described to them my nightmare and they stayed with me for a while. They told me to try and think of something else; that remembering that would just do me harm. It was easy for them to say but very difficult for me to do. I could not think of anything else.

This was a recurrent nightmare for a long time. Though I had others, this was the predominant one. Not knowing why I dreamt of destruction, earthquakes, and all kinds of disasters. In another one of these nightmares I saw our house floating on the sea like a house boat and going up and down the big waves until it disappeared. I always woke up from these nightmares and therefore I would wake up everyone in the house and sometimes some of the neighbors. Though I was always met with compassion and understanding I know they were starting to lose their patience.

I still worked in *Casa Blanca* on Fridays and Saturdays. Some of my cousins took me to work and then picked me up. According to them they did it for me, as a favor. In my opinion, and please excuse my honesty, they did it to be there in case something happened again. I'll never understand why someone would want to go through something like that. In time, since nothing ever happened, they got tired of coming and going. A had a little problem at work and though it was something minor, I used it was an excuse to not work there anymore. It didn't matter, I had another job as a janitor that I'd gotten through a friend of my cousin's. I had started this other job not long after I started to work at the nightclub.

By this time I almost never left the house at night. When and if I did it was with my car full of people. Through my friends and family word got around in town of my experience with those beings. The nightmares continued and people in the neighborhood were saying that at home everyone was possessed by the devil. At night I started to pretend I was asleep just so my family and my neighbors could rest. I would stay awake the entire night. I walked the house like a ghost and made sure all the windows were closed. Sometimes I would read the bible and other times and would just sit and think. I still tried in vain to remember what had happened to me.

I went to work with bags under my eyes and was sleepy all the time. I slept in the afternoon when I got home. Sometimes I would have nightmares and I'd screamed but because it wasn't late still, the everyday sounds and noises camouflaged me most of the time. I was basically a prisoner of my room. My family and I kept tabs on the news to see if there was any mention of extraterrestrial ships being chased by military planes. We also kept checking the newspapers but found nothing. Meanwhile I was living a kind of lie. I gave the impression of leading a normal life, or what I considered normal, yet inside I was anguished and frustrated. There were days when I could almost recall what happened during that lost time. This actually happened when I tried the least. All this made me start thinking that I was losing my mind.

Many family members suggested I see a psychiatrist and others that I go to a spiritualist center. Going to a psychiatrist seemed absurd to me, probably as absurd as it would seem to him the reasons with I'd seek him. I didn't even consider the spiritualist center; I didn't want any more encounters with the unknown. The days went by with me living in my own private world, scared and confused, and the rest of the world oblivious of my

emotional conflict. This time of my life was devastating. I even contemplated suicide. I couldn't take it any more. One on hand I wanted to forget everything, and on the other I wanted to remember. I wanted answers, and the same time didn't want to know anything. I was crazy! I felt alone, different, and isolated. I thought my life would never be the same. All this I shared with my brother Charlie through letters. My brother, who's a United States Marine, at the time was stationed in Japan with his wife *Mercedes Vicky*. He gave me very good advice. It's a shame I didn't follow it.

Charlie told me I should be very careful with those pictures. He new from his circle of military friends, that there had been cases where the government took people with solid evidence about the existence of extraterrestrial beings, and made them disappear from the map. Not only the evidence, but the people as well.

Chapter 8

The nightmares became an everyday thing for me but I never got used to them. Every time was like the first. I had put away the pictures and their negatives in an envelope along with some enlargements that were left over from the ones I sent my brother Charlie and my father. I didn't look at them now as often but it was still the first thing I thought about everyday when I woke up. The issues with the UFO pictures started to fade away. At home, little by little we stopped talking about it. It was as if we'd all agreed on it. One day I just stopped opening the drawer where I kept the pictures and their negatives. My family had started to forget about the whole thing and I did the same. I gave up trying to remember what had happened during the lost time. It was easier and more convenient not to. In time the nightmares were less until they went away all together.

One day at work, in my job as a janitor in an elementary school, I remembered and old idea I had. Back in New York I used to eat everyday at a hot god stand on my way to work. While contemplating coming to Puerto Rico I remember my aunt telling me about the poor job situation and me thinking that I could set up one of those hot dog stands. But, since I got those two jobs just days after arriving in Puerto Rico I forgot about it. Now the idea was strongly back in my mind.

I bought a food cart with an umbrella and all the necessary items. I complied with all the requirements from the Department of Commerce and provided all the necessary paperwork and documents. After that everything was pretty easy and immediately started to sell my hot dogs. I had thought that the place I chose to set it up was out of pure coincidence. However, it turns out that I had picked three other "ideal" places to set up shop. Out of

those three I had chosen, to my knowledge the best one. When I first headed out to start my business there were hot dog carts on all three places I'd picked. I didn't know how that was possible since I had driven by those places many times before and had never seen a single cart.

That day my cousin and his wife were with me. They moved my cart here and there with their car, looking for an appropriate spot. I couldn't believe the places I'd picked were now occupied. Out of frustration I wanted to go home and forget about it for a while. My cousins suggested we go to the beach *El Combate*. Though I was disillusioned I agreed. Maybe with a little luck I would be able to find a spot alongside the other vendors. This beach in particular is full of vendors who sell all kinds of foods.

On our way over there I stopped at the road 301. They stopped behind me and asked me why I'd stopped. I went over to them and told them I wanted to just forget everything. They told me I shouldn't give up so easily and while we argued over going to the beach or not a huge tree that was nearby caught my attention. It had a huge trunk and had brown color masts hanging from its branches. My cousin's wife noticed I was not paying attention anymore. I was captivated by this tree. What kind of tree is that? A *jíbaro* from New York who knows not of these things asked them. It's tamarind, they answered.

I didn't know what tamarind was. This majestic tree had me mesmerized. It was located near the side of the 301 road. Behind it there was an estate with cattle but no houses nearby. Near this colossal tree was also a *flamboyán* tree. I felt a very peculiar attraction to that place so I crossed the street. I didn't even notice when my cousin and his wife came up to me. The breeze was wonderful. My cousin's wife couldn't comprehend my fixation with

the tree and frankly neither could I. Why don't you set up here? She asked. I looked at them and in an instant all my frustration and thoughts of giving up were gone. With a smile on my face I said: "Welcome to the *Tamarindo Hot Dogs*". They helped me set everything up. My first client arrived and I served the first hot dog with meat, onions and melted cheese. They day was a complete success. To this day I'm still here.

The owner of the adjacent estate let me borrow a little of his land and I hung a hammock between the trees. For now the whole UFO thing was buried. From my hammock I could see some mountains. Later I learned they're called *Sierras Bermejas*. I was happy, my business was booming and I loved being able to mingle with nature every day. This neighborhood is known as *Las Arenas*. I met lots of good people and made lots of friends. Among them a family who treated me like one of their own. *Popo*, the head of the family has always been there when I needed him. He even lets me leave my cart in his house so that I don't have to take it all the way back home every day.

One day while talking to *Edgardo*, *Popo's* stepson, the UFO subject came up. We were talking about our childhoods and he told me an interesting story. When he was a child, and while at mass on day, he saw through the churches' windows a bizarre glowing object. It was a like a ball of fire. He told the congregation what he was seeing. They told him that object in the sky was a work of Satan. After this they prayed with fervency. Don't look at it, they told him, but as they bowed their heads and prayed he kept looking at that phenomenon in the sky.

Because he told me this story with such honesty and in all seriousness, I felt comfortable enough to tell him what had happened to me that morning

in 1988. When I was through, to my surprise, he said he believed me. The next day I showed him and the rest of his family two of the pictures. I know some of them didn't know what to think and others simply couldn't accept it. Among the non believers was mister *Popo*. Afterwards though, and by his own personal experience, he changed his mind. After my friend recommended it and after seeing that his family's reaction was not negative, I decided to exhibit the enlarged picture on my hot dog cart. I mistakenly thought that maybe someone would come up and tell me they'd seen the same object over the skies in *Cabo Rojo*. Maybe even someone who had seen it that same morning. To the people who did inquire I didn't give details. I only told them I had taken the picture one day coming home late from work. The specifics where intense and too hard to believe. They would have required too many explanations from my part and I didn't want to complicate things.

The enlarged picture of the UFO and the military plane did get some attention but not the one I was hoping for. People started to make fun of me. They called me crazy and a liar. People got ketchup and mustard all over the picture; they all wanted to see it but no one mentioned they had also seen it. They drove by and yelled obscenities and called me extraterrestrial or Martian. None of this was good for business. A few days after that I decided to just remove the picture and put it back in my bedroom drawer. The drawer of oblivion.

Chapter 9

One morning when as usual I got up to get everything set up for my business something really strange happened. My grandmother was chopping some onions that she would later cook and I was cooking the meat on top of the stove. All of a sudden I left everything and went straight to my bedroom. From one of the drawers I took the envelope that had the pictures and the negatives. From another drawer I grabbed some tape, the kind used for moving boxes. Like a zombie I went to the balcony where my dog *Kristina* had her little wooden house. I taped the envelope to the inside of the roof of the dog house. *Kristina* looked at me like "what's wrong with him now?" I gave water as usual, put the tape back and went back to the kitchen as if nothing had happened. *Mamá*, who was still chopping onions, didn't notice anything. After finishing up I headed to the *Tamarindo*.

Later that afternoon something happened that left me wondering for a long time about it. *Mamá* was watching the television. I was putting in the refrigerator what was left over from work. I gave *Mamá* a kiss and I asked her how her day went. She told me all had been well and that she'd left a plate for me on the stove. As I went into the kitchen I heard footsteps coming from the back stairs. I got nervous. The house has two entrances, one solid one and one made out of wire that keeps the insects out. A man appeared at the second door. At first I thought he might be a Mormon, or Jehovah's Witnesses, or a salesman.

Without opening the door I asked him if there was something I could help him with. He then let himself in like it was nobodies business along with three other men. *Mamá* got scared and asked me who those men where. The first one wore a suit and tie and had sunglasses on. The other three

wore more casual clothing. *Mamá* again asked who where they but they again ignored it. Are you *Amaury Rivera Toro*? My answer was only "Yes". Their arrogance and authoritative attitude intimidated me. The one in a suit handed me some documents. *Mamá* disregarded the news she was watching and got up. My hands were shaking as I took the documents. The heading on the first of these documents read 'CIA'.

While I was trying to read the documents the man with the tie told me that it be best if I handed them the negatives. I looked at him trying to conceal my nervousness. I told this man, who looked like the one in charge, that I didn't know what he was talking about. *Mamá* started to say something but I told her to be quiet with a look. After that she told me that what she was going to say was to give them the negatives and avoid any further trouble. *Mamá* didn't look well while all this was happening. I asked her to go downstairs with my aunt while I talked to these gentlemen. I called my cousin Danny and he came up and helped her down. As she left she didn't look at the men or said a word.

The man with the tie repeated his request. He also said that if I didn't hand them the negatives they would have to search the house. I again told them I didn't know what they were talking about. I pretended to be reading the papers but in all truth their presence had me so shocked I could not read. On the second page I only remember reading something about photographs and negatives. With my trembling hands I gave the documents back to the man with the suit, who was the only one who talked. I couldn't see his eyes through the sunglasses but I could feel the heavy stare. The others awaited his instructions. I then told them to feel free to search the house. I even remember going up to the television and turning it off.

I don’t know how they knew but as soon as they where told to start the search they first went to my room. Not only did they go directly to it but also to the drawer where I had the photos and the negatives before I changed them. They looked confused when they didn’t find them. They then opened every other drawer one by one. They were very meticulous, once they opened a drawer and emptied it item by item, if they didn’t find what they were looking for they put everything back as they found it. In the same manner they searched my entire room and the rest of the house. You could see they got frustrated. None of them spoke during the search.

Even though I was extremely nervous, inside I was laughing. These people were so confused that it was actually funny. Their arrogance started to fade. For a moment though it wasn’t funny when one of them went out to the balcony. I inhaled deeply and stopped breathing for a few seconds. He looked everywhere and approached the dog house. *Kristina* barked at him and went inside her little house. I saw everything from a window in the living room. The man came back inside and I could breathe again.

One of them, who wore a *guayabera*, took out a plastic bag from his pocket. He put in it all the photo negatives they found in the house. They were negatives of family activities like birthdays, weddings and baptisms. I don’t know why they wanted those since they had nothing to do with what they were looking for. They even removed the frames from the paintings in our house. Also, they looked inside every porcelain and plaster hoping to find those negatives.

The search was executed very methodically. Leaving everything were they’d found it. It wasn’t like in the movies were agents shatter everything during a search. Every specific area they searched they did so paying much

attention to detail. The funniest part was when they opened the refrigerator and actually looked between some eggplant slices that my grandmother had left in there and that had started to go bad.

I stayed put in the living room observing them and quiet. They in turn ignored me and didn't speak either. At a certain moment their behavior changed and it looked like they were about to give up. They searched the two rooms, the bathroom, the living room, and the kitchen. They were there the entire afternoon. When they finally gave up they left without saying a word. As they went out the gate and got in there gray four door car, pretty much my whole family was just arriving. Apparently my cousin Danny had alerted every member of the family in *Cabo Rojo*. *Mamá* seemed like she had calmed down. When they all went in they were puzzled. They expected to find the place thrashed, yet nothing looked out of place. We all gathered in the living and I told them what happened.

They all wanted to speak and ask questions at the same time. It was as if we'd all gotten together for some holiday or something; it was like Thanksgiving but with no turkey. What most surprised everyone was that that same morning I had thought of hiding the pictures in the dog house. Again, everyone came up with their own theory for that. Some said that a spirit had alerted me, others that it had been my sixth sense, and yet others thought that the extraterrestrials were guiding me.

Since we were all gathered together I took the opportunity to tell them that from now own if anyone asked about the pictures or my whole experience they were to tell them that it was all made up. I wanted to end everything once and for all. That same night I thought of destroying all the evidence but instead I decided to send it to Japan to my brother Charlie and his wife.

Junior, my oldest cousin, took the pictures and the negatives home with him. He later told me he couldn't sleep because he kept thinking that the CIA would come to this house. The men who came to my home identified themselves as CIA but who's to know where they came from. The next day we went to a post office in a different town and Junior sent everything to Japan. We had already called my brother from a friend's house. We told him not to call us from his phone. We feared that if indeed those men were from CIA, our phones were probably tapped. Charlie knew this friend of ours so it was enough to tell him: "Charlie it's me, don't ask any questions, just call me at *Palito's* but don't use your phone". We hung up and he called back right away. I told him what had happened with those men who said they were from the CIA. We told him we would send him the package to the house of a friend of his wife. When he got the package he immediately took it to a safety deposit box in a bank. He hid the key in a metal closet he had where he was stationed. After all this when we talked on the phone and would talk about the pictures we would refer to them as the 'baby'. "How's the baby? Has anybody come asking about the baby?" My brother Charlie gave such good advice. It's really a shame I didn't listen to him. I think maybe things had to happen that way.

Chapter 10

I still worked at the *Tamarindo* selling hot dogs. Little by little I started to make it look nice. I planted a few flowers and other plants and I took real good care of them. Weeks went by and I didn't get any unexpected visits. I tried to follow my brother's advice to forget about the whole thing, invest my time in more productive things, and to keep the experience to myself. I built a small garden at the *Tamarindo*. When I had no clients in the afternoon I would lay on my hammock and enjoy the magnificent breeze and landscape. From there the hills looked beautiful.

In that little garden I shared many wonderful moments with my family and friends. I was again able to burry in my subconscious the things related to issues not of this Earth, though it was still what I thought about when I woke up. My brother and I stopped talking about the 'baby' in our conversations and letters.

My clientele increased considerably. I felt happy but I couldn't smile as often as I did before. A few years went by without problems except for those common everyday life ones like paying the bills, my car breaking down, etc; everyday stuff. The worst, however, was yet to come. A being came to my life that would only bring about all kinds of trouble. With him my nightmares came back. Don't get me wrong, though, I'm not talking about an extraterrestrial. This was a totally egotistical individual; maybe out of personal frustrations or lack of attention. Because of people like him it's not hard to get an idea of why things are the way they are in this world. Money sometimes has a supernatural power over some people. It's mesmerizing to see the things some people are willing to do in order to get it, even destroy other people's lives.

One day I arrived at the *Tamarindo* and there was a large wine and gray colored car parked there. I started to set up as usual. I noticed that inside that old car was a man who stared at me like a vulture. His crazy eyes made me uncomfortable. I didn't want to turn my back to him but I had to because of where he was parked. "What did he want? Who was he?" I kept thinking. While I was cooking the hot dogs he got out of the car and approached me. I got nervous and felt uneasy. He had black hair, a wide face, tan skin, and his body was enormous. His complexion was not good due to his obesity.

He identified himself as an investigator of the UFO phenomenon. "That damn word again" I thought to myself. He then formally introduced himself (for our purposes, we'll call him Mr. B). Mr. B told me he worked for a local magazine that covered that subject, among others. He said that word got to him that I'd had an encounter with extraterrestrial beings and that I even managed to take a picture of a ship beside a military plane. I didn't want to start this thing up again. I told Mr. B I knew nothing of the matter, Martians, or any pictures. By the way he was dressed he didn't look like he worked for a magazine. From the moment he approached me with his beggar appearance I didn't trust him. I even thought for a moment that he might be some CIA agent in disguise.

He insisted on the pictures and my experience. Again I told him I knew nothing, that he was mistaken, and maybe looking for someone else. He started to get on my nerves, I even lost focus of what I was doing. He then got in his car and left. He had ruined my whole day. I spent most of it thinking about him.

A few days after that, he came by again. This time he was more pressing. I asked to please leave me alone. He told me the name of the magazine he supposedly worked for. I doubted it even existed. I didn't know what to make of the things he told me. He said he was personally in contact with an extraterrestrial being called 'Cosmnoc'. Also, that he and some of his friends would do vigils and that they had managed to record some UFOs flying over their heads at really low altitudes. He added that he had hundreds of UFO photographs. He tried to gain my trust by telling me these absurdities. After harassing me the entire day, he left without the answer he was looking for.

The next day I went to a news stand to buy one the local newspapers, *El Vocero*. Out of curiosity I looked for the magazine Mr. B had mentioned. I was surprised when I found it. On the cover were some strange creatures that looked like the one I saw. I was shocked. I bought both the magazine and the newspaper. When I got to the *Tamarindo* I took the magazine and went through it until I found the section that listed all of its collaborators. The editor's name was *Jorge Martín*, and I also found out that in fact Mr. B was among the collaborators. I figured then that what he had told me was true.

In the afternoon Mr. B came back to the *Tamarindo*. This time I heard him out. He brought with him others copies of the magazine to try and convince me that what he was saying was true. He showed his name among the list of collaborators. I didn't mention that I'd already seen it. I heard him out but didn't give him any information. I repeat, I didn't rust Mr. B. Among the many stupid things that Mr. B wanted from me, he said he wanted me to admit that I'd taken the pictures with the UFO and military plane; he also said the *Jorge Martin* wanted to interview me; that every day when I

got to the *Tamarindo* I should raise my arms and facing the *Sierras Bermejas* I should say "everything for others"; that demons were after him and that the devil wanted him to form a new religion; that he and his wife saw human shadows on the doors of their home. The things he was telling me were a blend between E.T. and The Exorcist.

The things he said were scary but what he drew on the ground were terrifying. He tried very hard to get me to admit my encounter. I couldn't get rid of him. I didn't want to meet Mr. *Martín*. That's all I needed, two lunatics people talking crazy. I judged Mr. *Martín* without knowing him; a grave mistake on my part. The thing was that if Mr. B represented that magazine then I simply wasn't interested.

In time I met Mr. *Martín* and it turns out he is the complete opposite of Mr. B. I met him because of a strange dream I had. I know it sounds weird but that is how it happened and so that's how I'll write. A little heads up: from now on things start to get even stranger. The dream went like this: I found myself in the *Tamarindo*. It was night and my hot dog cart was nowhere to be found. With me was a local dog named *Flaca*. I was feeding her with pieces of hot dogs. I saw a man standing in the darkness below one of the trees. He approached and I noticed he was dressed in black. He was about my height and had shoulder length hair. He wore it back, like an Indian. I didn't remember feeling scared. This young looking man said "send the pictures to *Jorge Martín*, the one from the magazine". After he spoke I suddenly woke up. It was so real, and I knew I met that man before but I couldn't place him. "The pictures!" I thought. Sure enough he was the same person as in the photographs. He wore the same clothes. I had never dreamt about him, only about the beings with the fetal heads. That night, after going over it thoroughly, I concluded that my subconscious created

that dream because of Mr. B's constant harassment about the pictures and him wanting me to talk to Mr. *Martín*.

I constantly asked myself who that man next to me and one of those little men was. "Had he been also kidnapped by the big headed creatures?" I couldn't sleep. I banged my head thinking about that all through the night. I decided to do then just that: send the pictures to that editor. I interpreted the dream as my subconscious telling me what to do. I asked my father to send me some of the copies I'd sent him. He recommended I didn't mess with those people from the magazine, that it would only cause me trouble. He also reminded me of what had happened with the CIA.

I didn't mention the dream to my father because I knew he would say it was an act of the devil. I didn't pay attention to his good advice and I sent the pictures anonymously to *Jorge Martín*. Along with the pictures, that included the enlarged one I had exhibited in the *Tamarindo*, I added a note explaining the circumstances in which they were taken.

Mr. *Martín* was astonished when he saw the pictures. In his next visit Mr. B mentioned that they had received and envelope and described its contents. I acted as though I was totally uninterested in what he was saying. Then Mr. B asked something that left me speechless: "Did you send them?" I told him that it wasn't me and that he was being ridiculous. He wasn't satisfied so he kept digging. Again I begged him to leave me alone. That day he was irritated when he left and the next time he came around was strictly as a client so I therefore treated him with the same courtesy and friendliness I treat all of my clients. I found it strange he didn't bring up the subject.

The next couple of days he only drove by and waved. He looked at me anxiously but did not stop his car. He couldn't resist for long though so again one day he stopped. He again mentioned the subject and that the editor wanted to meet me. There were other clients at the time and I felt a little embarrassed. I didn't like the matter being discussed in front them. Mr. B kept talking about flying saucers and asking me to accept his offers. He insisted I talk to the editor. To get rid of him I agreed to talk to Mr. *Martín*. After hearing this he got in his car and took off as if a thousand demons were after him. The people asked me who this maniac was. They said he looked mentally unstable and dangerous.

By the time I got home that afternoon I was already regretting telling Mr. B about meeting the editor. When I told everyone at home they advised me not to do it. They said that by accepting to meet with the people from the magazine I would imply that indeed I was they person they were looking for. I really didn't know what to do. On the one hand I wanted to talk to someone who had knowledge on the subject but on the other hand I didn't want to know anything. I thought that maybe it couldn't hurt to talk to this person. I'd hear him out but I didn't necessarily had to admit that I was the one who sent the pictures. Besides, it was a good opportunity to ask him to tell Mr. B to please leave me alone.

It was a Saturday or a Sunday when Mr. *Martín* came by the *Tamarindo*. Mr. B was not with him. He came alone. When he got out of the car I thought he was a client so I asked him if he wanted a hot dog. He held out his hand and introduced himself. He asked if I was *Amaury*, the one with the pictures. Not knowing why I said yes. Again not knowing the reason, right there in front of my cart I told him about my experience. I got nervous and my knees started to tremble. I even had to grab on to cart's umbrella. I

could barely contain the tears. Inevitable I started to cry when I finally told him that I couldn't escape my nightmare after all. I couldn't deny it anymore. My mental stability was slowly leaving me like sand running through fingers. At the same time I felt great relief while talking to Mr. *Martín*. It's not the same when you tell your family about your illness than when you tell it to the doctor. They wouldn't have an answer, the doctor would. I made a mistake in judging Mr. *Martín* based on Mr. B's behavior. They were totally different. He turned out to be a very formal and serious person in the research of the UFO phenomenon. He only searches for the truth. He knew how to listen and understand my feelings regarding my experience. He didn't speak of contradictory absurdities like his friend. He heard everything I had to say without interrupting me.

After I had finished he explained that he had studied various cases involving the 'lost time' factor. He said not to worry, that when the time was right I'd remember what had happened during that apparent void. According to him I was not crazy. There were hundreds of thousands of people in the world who had gone through the same thing. He said that in Puerto Rico alone there were hundreds of cases. He assured me that, if I was willing, he could put me in touch with some of these people. I told him that at the moment I didn't feel prepared for that.

I asked him to please keep the information confidential. I didn't want the matter going public in his magazine or any other media. He agreed. I also explained the current situation with his friend and his harassing behavior. Mr. *Martín* explained that he didn't really work for the magazine and wasn't even on the payroll. He was simply a collaborator and his job consisted merely of gathering information regarding the west side of Puerto Rico. He was one of many that helped in getting in touch with people who

have had experiences related to the phenomenon. Either way I still asked him if he could talk to Mr. B so that he'd quit following me around. He promised he would do so.

We agreed to stay in touch but I didn't give him my number. I told him I'd call if I wanted to talk. When he left I was felt the sensation that a great friendship had commenced.

I'm sure *Martín* spoke to Mr. B but now he hassled me more than ever. It bothered me to go to work knowing that he might show up and try to get more information. He followed me everywhere: the supermarket, the beach, the car mechanic, through every street and everywhere I went. He'd become a huge threatening shadow.

I came to the conclusion that his obsession was based on the money he wanted to make off of my pictures. I realized this after he started to talk about their worth. He had a thousand ideas for them. Every time he mentioned the potential gains his eyes got wider. He'd totally lost site of the objective of *Jorge Martín's* investigation. I talked to the editor again, and on multiple occasions after, about his friend harassing and poor professional behavior. I never told him about his friend's real objectives and the repeated mentions of the monetary value of the pictures after being analyzed by experts.

My brother Charlie and I started to talk about the 'baby' again. We talked about the fact that there were copies of my pictures going around already but that what the CIA was after were the negatives. So when I told him that I needed to have the 'baby' examined by doctors he opposed. He reminded me of what happened to people who possessed this sort of graphic

evidence. I told him that Mr. *Mr. Martín* was a very serious person and that he had promised to protect me in case anything happened. Also that I wouldn't hand over the 'baby' without having everything on paper first. He said I should still think about, and also mentioned he felt that I should back out while there was still time. He reminded me of our grandmother's health and that she wouldn't survive another stressful event.

The nightmares came back, and even stronger. Starting to talk about everything again brought them back. I again started to try and remember what had happened during that lost time. I was always distracted at work and on top of that had other new problems.

Though Mr. *Martín* had kept his word regarding the confidentiality of the whole matter, it was not the case with Mr. B. We had agreed that if the case was mentioned at any time my identity would not be revealed. It could be discussed and analyzed yet no information regarding my identity, place of work, or home would be provided. There were people who came to the *Tamarindo* asking questions and commenting on matters I hadn't discussed with the general public. When I asked these people where they lived the majority said they lived in the same neighborhood as Mr. B. This wasn't just a coincidence.

Mr. B started to bring different people to my home to meet me. Word got out and people started to park outside my home and sit on their cars to watch the sky and our house. This was intolerable. If I went out for any reason whatsoever they followed me in their cars. They hoped something similar to what had happened to me in 1988 would repeat itself and if it did they wanted to be there and maybe even 'star' in the whole ordeal. My grandmother was really upset with all this and I didn't tell my other aunts

and uncles because they had told me to stay away from the whole UFO matter.

Because of the nightmares and all the people now around the house I decided to move. I didn't want to cause any more trouble to my family. The thought one of those curious people climbing on to our balcony and doing something crazy kept my grandmother up all night. When she heard me scream in the middle of the night, she'd think someone had broken into the house and attacked me.

I immediately moved into a small room in the center of town. It was so small you could barely walk amongst all my belongings. My family got to sleep again and the people left. I lied to *Mamá*; I told her my nightmares had stopped. I'd sleep at night like a trapped animal in that little room. I was walking in my uniform… a dark road… big black eyes that… I ran, and ran, and ran…

I never knew if my neighbors heard me scream at night. "How could I know?" I wished the nightmares would stop so that I could go back to *Mamá's* house. I hoped that one day I could leave behind those horrible nightmares. I wished that the images of beings of enormous heads chasing me down a dark misty road and of a houseboat swallowed by a violent ocean would leave me. I again started to feel like I was losing my mind but I didn't know how to go up to a doctor and tell him that I needed pills because I dreamt about extraterrestrial beings. I think that the doctor would send me to a psychiatrist and that he in turn would send me to a mental institution. I honestly think that in some of these place there might be people who have had these experiences yet no ones believes them and think

they're crazy. This was another one of my fears, that something like this would happen to me.

I didn't get a moments peace at work. To the people that approached me because of the information provided by Mr. B I said that it wasn't true and then I told them to leave me be. I felt my head was going to explode. I jumped like a rabbit at the least bit of noise. I yearned those days that I would peacefully lay in my hammock at the *Tamarindo*.

If I ever regretted something it was agreeing to with Mr. B to meet with the editor. After giving it much thought I gave Mr. *Martín* some of the negatives. My brother Charlie had sent them to me the same way I had. The computer analysis of the negatives didn't surprise. The pictures were definitively real. There were no tricks of any kind. I was given back my negatives and these were hidden.

Mr. *Martín* introduced me to several people who had had similar experiences to mine. Though at first I didn't want to meet them, I later thought that this might be helpful with my nightmares. It actually did help because now I didn't feel so alone. But it wasn't until I met someone in particular that I really got better.

In regards to the pictures and my experience Mr. *Martín* recommended I go public with it through the various media and forms of communication. Mr. B also insisted I do so but I still wasn't prepared for that. They told me that my evidence without a doubt demonstrated that something was going on and that the governments were covering it up. They also said there was no reason for me to care about people calling me a liar or crazy because I had the results of photographic analysis. They added that humanity had a right

to know of these things. I replied that their reasons were perfectly valid but that I didn't feel ready and that the public reaction worried me. We had to think about how traumatic this information could be to a lot of people. I didn't want to be responsible for someone else's nightmares. I wasn't the right time. Mr. *Martín* understood my point of view but the other one just complained about the money he was not going to make off of my pictures. After investigating my case for more than a year and having all the evidence, he kept his word and remained silent, he didn't go public.

Chapter 11

Finally one day it happened; that which I had so eagerly waited for. I was sitting in my hammock after having a conversation with Mr. *Martín* and some of his friends. They were asking me about the "lost time" of my experience. When they left I was alone and deep in my thoughts. The grass around the area was tall since they hadn't let the cattle out in a while and it had rained quite a bit the past few days. The breeze was playing with the grass. I was embellished watching the movement caused by the wind. This rhythmical movement put me in a particular state of mind, like hypnotized. As if in trance I started to go over that night again. I went back there mentally.

I didn't have to force it; I simply slid through my memories. When I got to the point were I lost consciousness in the car, when the little being opened my door, I thought I would lose that line of memory again. I kept watching the grass in that trancelike state. It was like the movement of the fingers of a pianist. I felt a mental block for a moment and then it gave way. The wall-curtain was lifted and everything came back to me. It was wonderful, I felt free and at last I understood my nightmares. I'll never forget that sensation of feeling mentally confident in myself again. Not being able to remember made me feel insecure and crazy.

With tears in my eyes I came out of that state having taken my memories to the very end of the whole experience. Even though the information that I recovered was chilling, I felt happy at least for a moment; for the moment because afterwards I became depressed. The memory of those projections affected me and I also started to feel curious about the identity of those other people that were with me. "Who were they?" It turned out that the

mysterious man dressed in black wasn't one of them. He was the man who identified himself as *Amarón*, the human being from *Kaa*, and the one who spoke to me in my dream in the *Tamarindo*.

I kept those memories to myself for the time being. It wasn't until much later that I told part of it to Mr. *Martín*. The name of the non terrestrial human I withheld. Mr. B found out some time after. He was still harassing me, trying to control my life, and insisting I'd go public. I didn't want to do that. I pondered on trying to communicate with those other people that were there with me in that projection room. "Would they remember what happened? Where did they live?" They all looked like they were from Puerto Rico but, where they? I had so many questions. I decided I would contact them but I didn't know how.

Again Mr. B came by the *Tamarindo* one afternoon, and yet again he proposed to make the necessary arrangements to go public with my experience. He mentioned that he and Mr. *Martín* wanted to present the case on a nationwide television show. He expressed how important he thought my case was and the implications it had; that the United States government could not now deny the existence of alien beings or their space ships. According to him it was extremely important the world knew about this. He said those things in and effort to take advantage of me and get his hands on my evidence. He knew very well that if the case went public there would most likely be an avalanche of publicity, mentions, invitations and juicy offers.

He had only money and fame on his mind and this showed when I told him I worried the traumatic reactions that the information might cause to children and the elderly. To this he replied that it simply didn't matter. He

also said I should try and get as much money from Mr. *Martín* as I could because allegedly he was going to publish a book that talked about my experience and showed my pictures. That afternoon he said things to me that I dare not write in this book.

While all this was happening something occurred to me. Herein was the solution to my problem: how to get in touch with the others that shared the experience. Mr. B kept talking but I wasn't listening anymore; I was lost in my own thoughts. Before he finished what he was saying at the moment I interrupted him.

- Yes. – I said.

- Yes to what? – He replied.

- Yes to the television show and to the magazine article. – I answered.

His giant eyes got even bigger. I could almost hear the sounds of a cash register coming from his head. Numbers and percentages calculated at lightning speeds. He took off without saying a word, perhaps so I wouldn't back down.

Mr. *Martín* and I agreed that I would write the article for the magazine. In it I would call to all those who suspected or thought the might have had a something strange happen to them in the date that I would specify. I was going to do the same in the television show. It was all settled and we selected a date to go on Mr. *Francisco Ojeda's* television show called *Ojeda sin Límite*. Mr. *Martín*, another gentleman, and myself would be featured that day.

A week before the show Mr. *Martín* showed up at home with a very elegant woman. From inside his car he introduced me to her. They had come to

invite to a meeting in the nearby town of *San Germán*. The meeting would take place in the residence of a Mr. *Isamel Núñez* and his wife *Aida* and their family. They informed me that the purpose of the meeting was to get together people who had had the same types of experiences as me and share notes. Also, we would go over some details before the show.

Never before had I accepted an invitation from Mr. *Martín* to an event like this. This time was different. During this exchange that lady smiled at me but didn't speak. I smiled back at her. After I accepted to go Mr. *Martín* told me he would come by for me later. Afterwards in the car Mr. *Martín* told his companion that it was the first time he had seen me smile. Mrs. *Mercedes Laracuente* made no comment; she simply smiled.

Mr. *Martín* came back for me later that evening. This time Mr. B was in the car with him. When I agreed to go I had no idea this individual was going to come, but it was too late now. We drove to an apartment complex in *San Germán*. The meeting was on the second floor. There were nine adults and some children when we got there. Mrs. *Mercedes Laracuente* was very happy to see us and everyone there was very cordial with me.

I was amongst strangers but felt comfortable given the circumstances. The only thing that made me a little unnerved was that *Mercedes Laracuente* sat beside me in one of the chairs. I felt something strange coming from this person, some sort of energy. It wasn't something negative it's just that I wasn't use to that sort of thing. It was like starting to sense emotions and feelings on another level or plane. Something one might describe as spiritual.

Our hosts, *Ismael* and *Aida* were very generous and giving with everyone. The meeting started with everyone introducing themselves and telling what town they came from. There were two main pieces of furniture in the living room arranged in an "L" form. One of them was like a love seat. In the larger one were seated *Mercedes Laracuente*, another individual and myself. The rest sat on chairs from the kitchen. Mr. *Jorge Martín* and Mr. B were seated in front of us. We were all formed a sort of circle. Mr. *Martín* then spoke explaining the purpose of the meeting.

Mrs. *Mercedes Laracuente* was the first in telling her experience. She told us how in one of these encounters one of these beings had removed something from inside of her. She felt as though they took a little piece of her. They had taken an ovule. It was later fertilized outside of her. The fertilized egg developed through a period of time during which she still suffered the effects of the experience. Some time after she was again taken to show her the product of a strange experiment: a replica or copy of her in an infant state. The showed her the baby-copy but they didn't let her hold her.

She narrated her experience in great detail and you could see in her face the various emotions she was going through. I felt for her and with her. Immediately I could imagine all the rejection and ridicule she must have endured for going through that experience. I could sense she felt great release to be able to express herself freely amongst all of us. I felt a sense of familiarity with this person. She was serene; she was seated with her back straight in great posture and had elegantly messy blonde hair. Who was she really? I felt a real connection with her. Her frail body reflected the exact opposite: strength and greatness.

Everyone told their experience. All the while Mr. B interrupted everyone with absurdities. That night I opted to not tell my story but to listen and observe. Everything seemed curious and fascinating; at least until something embarrassing happened. Mr. *Martín* was barely able to speak since his friend had taken over the whole thing and was executing his monologue. We started to feel uncomfortable and we looked at each other. He went on and one about the experiences he had allegedly had. At that moment something really strange started happening. I don't know how it started but Mr. B's voice slowly began to fade away. I had momentarily fixed eyes on a cast figurine of a fisherman carrying his fish that was on top of a television cabinet. I then stopped hearing Mr. B's voice altogether and fell into a peculiar state, twisting and turning in a whirl of lights.

I find it difficult to explain what I'm about to narrate but I'll do my best. It was as if my spirit or soul left my body. While I was still seated next to *Mercedes* my inner me had separated and was submerged in place full of multi-colored lights: purple, orange, yellow, and blue. All these lights were twirling around me. Slowly I was absorbed by this whirl. I felt accompanied by someone else I could not see, something who laughed as if enjoying what we were witnessing around us. It was a very strong presence.

This whole situation scared me to the point that panic got a hold of me. I struggled to return as one would struggle to wake up form a nightmare. I was able to slip out of the whirl and come back to my body. When I came to I heard Mr. B's delirious monologue and I realized I was holding Mrs. *Mercedes Laracuentes'* hands and I didn't remember when that had happened. This surprised and scared me at the same time. I don't usually take strangers hands like that, which at the time that's what she was. When

I looked at her I noticed she was looking at the same figurine I was when my short “trip” started. When I let go of her hands she looked me straight in the eyes and said: “It was very pretty wasn’t it?” Her tone of voice was very serene. This disturbed me. “What is this?” I thought. “A witch?” She terrified me. I didn’t want to sit beside her anymore. I immediately got up and went to the bathroom. I didn’t understand what was going on. I even considered that maybe someone slipped a drug or something in the soda I was offered. I splashed my face with cold water. I felt strange but in my reflection in the mirror I looked fine. All of a sudden the lack of trust and ignorance got together. I wanted to run out of that place, find a public booth, and call my family to come pick me up. I was so confused that I didn’t even know how to get out of the bathroom.

From the bathroom I heard Mr. B and his litany. I couldn’t stay in there though. I thought of some many crazy things. I even considered that these people where part of a satanic cult or something like that. After a while I was able to control my paranoia and went back into the living room. Instead of sitting beside the witch I headed for the balcony. The people there might have thought that I was being rude but I felt I had no choice. I had to clear my head and the breeze would help me do that. When I passed between everyone I wasn’t able to look at that mysterious lady in the eyes.

My body was trembling so I had to grab on to the balcony railing. From there I could see one of the highest mountains in the west side of Puerto Rico. It’s called the *Monte del Estado*. You could see the light that was coming from one of the towers on its top. If I hadn’t been on a second floor I’d jumped out the balcony to call my family. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and it was her, Mrs. *Laracuente*.

Looking straight at me she spoke. I didn't want to hear her or have her touch me. She told me not to be frightened, that she understood what I was going through. Her sweet methodical voice soothed me. She said I was going to have to be strong to endure what was ahead. In a moments notice I stopped fearing her. What I felt was a great love that wrapped around me and enveloped me, a sort of maternal love. She kept talking in that enchanting tone. She said I should start getting used to experiences like the one I had just gone through in the living room; that I would start discovering latent qualities in me that were up to this moment dormant. She mentioned mental abilities we all posses. There were so many things I wanted to ask her! Yet I was still a little shocked by what just happened. I only asked what exactly had happened and were we where. Se laughed in such a way that I immediately knew that she was the other presence with me in that whirl of brilliant colors. She said were on a spiritual plane, a place where one goes to strengthen, to fill up on energy. To be completely honest, everything seemed incredible, madness; but the love and joy exuded from *Mercedes Laracuente* got me to start believing the things she was telling me.

Mercedes Laracuente (henceforth *Mercedes*) and I hugged on that balcony like old friends do. Soon after some of the others joined us, among them Mr. B. *Mercedes* and I watched the night sky while the others talked amongst themselves. It was cloudy so we really couldn't see many stars. Suddenly I saw an object in the sky. I immediately looked at *Mercedes* and we smiled at each other. The object got closer. Mr. B noticed we were looking at something so he tried to make out what it was. When he saw it he almost went over the balcony and started to scream like a madman. "*Martín*, *Martín*, come quickly!" He shouted. He came out with the others who remained inside and together we all saw an "unidentified flying

object", or UFO. It was triangular shaped, like a boomerang and in its back it had it had many white lights. It flew slowly so we were able to take a good look at it and we can attest that it wasn't an airplane. It flew over right to left before our eyes, which had stopped blinking. Not making a sound it flew into a cloud and disappeared.

We were all silent for a while but Mr. B ruined the magic of the moment with his theory that the object was going to fly again over the same zone at any moment. We all talked about what we saw and were very happy. We then went into the living room to discus the details of the upcoming show. The rest of the night our conversations revolved mainly around the triangular object and the television show. All the while silly Mr. B kept watching the skies.

By the time the meeting was over I felt I'd known *Mercedes* my whole life. Even in little things we seemed like old friends. There was something between us that was beyond the ordinary. *Mercedes* has now become one of my best friends. We've gone through a lot of unforgettable experiences together. So many it would require me to write an encyclopedia to cover them all. In a nutshell, *Mercedes* is a very special human being. I'll always be thankful for her. On our way back, out of curiosity I asked Mr. *Martín* if I'd fallen asleep anytime during the meeting. He said no but did mention he had noticed something strange happened between *Mercedes* and I.

Chapter 12

I was very nervous when that Thursday when we were going on the show came along. I'd never been on television before but I felt ready. I was anxious to find out who those other people who shared my experience were. That afternoon we drove there on Mr. B's old car. With us were other people who would participate on the show.

Among the people who would be on the show with us was Andy, a fisherman who lives on the coast of *Cabo Rojo*. On the way to the metropolitan area where the show was going to be taped we didn't talk about aliens or their crafts. I noticed Andy acted a bit more normally than the other people in the car. That afternoon I never would have guessed that in the future Andy, his wife Cindy, and their children would become such great friends.

Mr. B drove like a maniac, but we got there alive. Mr. *Martín*, *Mercedes*, and some other people were there waiting for us. While I was scared out of my mind, Mr. *Martín* seemed confident and didn't look the least bit nervous. While we waited to be let in the studio Mr. B told me there were CIA agents in the premises and that I should be careful and not to talk to anybody. Though what he said was true, he didn't have exaggerate it they way he did. He should have taken into consideration my state. My knees were actually shaking.

I thought that those agents from the CIA would grab me in any moments notice, would take me out of there, and I would never be seen again. I thought of thousands of horrible scenarios but thank God nothing happened. The show started and everything went great. Mr. *Ojeda* was very

courteous and kind with me. I was able to tell the public about my extraordinary experience with extraterrestrial beings. I made a call to all those who'd been there with me that Mother's Day. I was sure some of them would see the show and get in touch with me.

I wrote my own article for Mr. *Martín's* magazine and two of my pictures were published. Besides writing about the experience itself I again made I call to the others who'd been involved. Each day my desire to meet at least one of those people grew more. After the show and the magazine article another series of problems began.

At work people from all over the island appeared claiming to have been there with me that late evening in May 1988. They all insisted yet none was able to give me specific details; things I'd not mention on the show or magazine. I purposely withheld those to be able to ascertain who was really there with me. They only repeated what they'd read or heard. When I asked the key questions they hesitated or made things up. All kinds of crazy people showed up in my life. I remember one elderly gentleman who claimed he was the reincarnation of Moses and that he had a message for me. I then learned that this person was a respected elementary school teacher. "My God!" I worried for his students. His message was that I should tell him all that the extraterrestrials had told me. Very clever, but it didn't work.

I also met very serious people but their curiosity got to the point of being a hassle. The religious groups were really frightening. Many said I was the devil's son. I remember a very uncomfortable episode in which a lady came by the *Tamarindo* and started to spread holy water all over the place, even on me. I was really disturbed by her actions by I didn't say anything. I let

her finish her exorcism. The different UFO groups and organizations also showed up. Some told me the best thing was to unite with them and others wanted to form a whole new group with me. I always said no. I never knew such groups existed. Some of them were even very well organized, incredible! To this day I still receive correspondence from some of these opportunistic organizations. They've even had the nerve to ask me for money.

Let me take this opportunity to advise you not to be fooled by unscrupulous people who ask for money for their UFO cults. The always try to deceive people with promises of grandeur, salvation, and alleged privileges over the rest of humanity. They chose those who are lonely or don't have many friends and try to suck them out of every last penny. They then proclaim them as the "Chosen Ones". Don't be mislead; look for the truth on your own and only get close to those who are selfless.

I met a lot of people but none of whom I was looking for. Some were very good and decent people. With some I have formed long lasting friendships. Among these there's a group I've named *Las Muchachas* (The Girls). I called them that because of the love and affection I have for them. They never pressured me, or asked questions, and always respected me. One of the *Muchachas*, whose name is *Ana Ramos*, always had wise words in moments I needed them. She taught me how to live by a very especial phrase: we are slaves of what we say and owners of what we withhold.

They way that *Las Muchachas* came into my life was very curious. I had gotten a job at a seafood restaurant in *Boquerón* because the whole situation at the *Tamarindo* was intolerable. This is a very touristy area of *Cabo Rojo* where one can find lots of things to do for recreation and

entertainment. *Boquerón* is located right near the beach. Mi hot dog stand was now being run by my other "family", *Popo* and his gang. In the mornings I would go to the *Tamarindo* to make sure they had all they needed for the day's work. Work at the restaurant started at noon. One of those mornings *Mercedes* came to the *Tamarindo* with the *Muchachas*. She asked if she could introduce me to some people, to which I said yes. She then introduced me to *Ana*, *Rosa*, *Brenda*, and *Doris*. I automatically felt connected to them. To *Ana* I said, not knowing why, that she didn't have to cry anymore, that she'd arrived at the right place. I then found out that something very strange happened to *Ana* when she saw the television show I was on. She was watching the show when all of a sudden as soon as I started narrating my experience she started to cry uncontrollably. They asked what was wrong but she herself didn't know. She said that all she knew was that she had to meet me and talk to me. When we did finally talk she told me that she felt a very strong bond with me. And so it has been; *Ana* has become also for me a great source of strength. She's an extraordinary being; able to sense things before they happen. This I've been able to witness firsthand. I'll always be thankful for the *Muchachas* and their sense of humor and support. The *Muchachas* are indeed synonymous with "paranormal".

Though people like them I took as a blessing, the parade of curious people carried on in the *Tamarindo*; people who didn't respect my privacy or my feelings. I hid from them in the restaurant, which had become my refuge. There nobody knew me as the UFO man, but as *Amaury* the waiter. Nobody talked about extraterrestrials and conversations revolved mainly around everyday restaurant topics. It was a relief when I got to the restaurant; I left everything behind. I never mentioned to my boss or co-workers the whole flying saucer thing. The interesting thing about the

restaurant is that a little house that's across the street from it caught my eye since the day I went over for the interview. It was a small wooden house that adjoined with estates full of horses and cattle. The nearest neighbors were far off and when the restaurant closed the little house was isolated. There was someone living there but something told me that I'd live there soon. When I told my boss and co-workers that soon that would be my house they simply laughed.

After a few weeks I still hadn't heard from any of those people I had reached out to. Business at the *Tamarindo* was booming. I'd be a liar if I said whole UFO thing didn't bring me clientele. Mr. B started to harass me again. The only things he talked about were my pictures and money. His real intentions were so obvious that it was shameful. He completely lost sight of everything. His desire for wealth had spoiled his mind. He insisted in trying to orchestrate my life: how to talk, how to dress, who to talk to and who to not. He was really starting to cross the line.

When he spoke to others he referred to me as 'his case'. He thought that my pictures, the negatives, and even I belonged to him. He really went to far when he told me that he didn't want to see me with homosexual people because this would undermine my credibility.

According to Mr. B being homosexual makes one a liar. If this is so then I'm the biggest liar in the world. He tried to forbid me so many things that it would be absurd to name them here. Many times he spoke about my credibility and how I should correctly present myself to people. If for people to believe in my experience I'd have to become something I am not, I prefer that no one believe a single word.

I've never been perfect and I'll never be. I'm not a saint either. When I was just a teenager I was stopped going out of a department store with a young aunt of mine for trying to leave without paying for some merchandise. When I was a kid my brother and I were very mischievous. On April 11, 1991 I was arrested along with a friend of mine for possession of a marihuana cigarette; so yes, I've even smoked pot. I'm actually still in on probation. All these facts are true, as are the ones that occurred to me that late evening.

It was getting to the point with Mr. B that I was really close to sending him to hell. Everything has its limits and though I didn't pay much attention to his demands, what really set me off was that he told me I couldn't talk to *Mercedes* again. He said I couldn't trust her, that I should stay away. In fact, he pretty much wanted me to stay away from everyone! The last time we argued over these matters I told him that not he or anybody else was going to meddle in my personal affairs; that I was not 'his case'; and that the pictures and the negatives belonged to me. This got him so angry that his wide face twitched as if possessed. As he spoke his words full of anger a white slobber drained from his lips. I'll never forget his last words to me: "Don't you worry cause I'm going to fuck you over. Goodbye brother and God bless you". After that I was completely convinced that this individual was a psychopath. I didn't pay much attention to his threats though. However, since then he's done nothing but try and destroy my credibility. His defamatory voice has spread everywhere around me. This of course occurred behind my back.

Meanwhile I was finally able to move into the little house. There I felt happy and secure. How I finally came to live there is still a mystery. Nobody believed that in one month's time after seeing the house for the

first time I was living there. What was incredible about it was that from the moment I saw it I knew I'd live there. On my spare time at the restaurant I would just sit and stare at that little house across the street. I felt inexplicably drawn to it. It had nothing in particular, only that it felt familiar to me. I wanted to go in and see whoever was living there. I observed its occupants and considered them intruders. I know it sounds absurd and ridiculous but those were my thoughts and feelings at the time.

This one particular night the restaurant was about to close and I was still serving a lady in one of the tables. While I served her dinner we got to talking and she mentioned that she was from the area and that her husband owned a café in *Boquerón*. I let her enjoy her meal and went to look at the house from one of the windows. I hadn't noticed that the woman had seen me do this. When I then brought her the coffee and desert she'd ordered she asked me what was I looking at from the window with such fixation. At first I didn't know what to say.

- It's really very silly; but I was looking at my little house. – I said.
- Your house? – She asked.

She then said that that wasn't possible since she knew the owner of the house and the people renting it. I then told her what I'd meant and also about my fascination with the house and its surroundings. She smiled and told me how the people renting the house were one month behind in their rent and that for that, and other reasons, they were considered bad tenants. The woman finished her dinner and I accompanied her to her car. When I came back to the table I found a very generous tip and a card with her name, her husband's name, and their phone number. On the other side of the car she had written: "Go by the clothing store that's in front of the church tomorrow. Ask for Mrs. *Pira*".

I couldn't sleep last night because of what she had written on the card. Early the next day I went to the place she'd mentioned. I asked for Mrs. *Pira* and I was then introduced to a woman of short stature and short white hair like the snow. She was around sixty years old. Immediately she said she knew I wanted to rent the house. I nodded. Very affectionately she said that she would hand me the key by the end of the week. She asked if I agreed and I again nodded in response.

I came out that store walking like a zombie. I realized I hadn't uttered a single word in front of Mrs. *Pira*. I couldn't believe it. It wasn't until a few hours later that I dawned on me that I was going to live that little house. I was given the keys and much to the surprise of some people I moved in. I remember the first day I got there; it was as if I've been there before. I knew were everything was. It was exactly as I'd imagined it a thousand times before. I went to the room that would be my bedroom and sat in the middle of the floor and cried like a small child. To this day I don't know why I cried. When I was bringing in my things I thought about the pictures and the negatives. I wanted to live in this new home with no worries so I finally decided to burn them. Most of them I burned in front of my family and one I gave to *Mercedes* so that she would have the privilege of doing it. I felt as though a great weight was lifted off my shoulders. I kept the ashes for memory. Only my closest relatives saw all the pictures; the ones with the alien object with the plane, and of its crew. After all this a particular picture that had no apparent explanation came to my possession, but more of that later.

Chapter 13

By now my brother Charlie and his wife had already transferred from Japan to the United States. On their way over there they stopped in Puerto Rico to visit us. While he was here he gave me the rest of the negatives he still kept and I put an end to the damn issue once and for all…

In this house that I've already mentioned on numerous occasions I spent the most beautiful moments of my life. There was a garage next to the house which we call a *marquesina*. There I hung a hammock and placed various chairs. From here I witnessed many fabulous sunsets. I used to love to lie on my hammock in the late afternoons and watch this ball of fire descend until it disappeared. I was at peace and ignorant to Mr. B's exploits behind my back.

One day when I got home I found *Jorge Martín* and *Mercedes* waiting for me. They had come to warn me about Mr. B. They informed he was going around badmouthing me out of revenge. And why? Because I wouldn't let myself be dominated by him. Because I excluded him from my circle of friends for always thinking about the money he'd make off of my pictures; the pictures he felt he had a right to. I also believe that besides money he also wanted recognition. He desired this and also to be a part of the group of people that were close to me and that had gone through an experience like mine.

Mr. B was basically taking true facts and twisting them to the extent of making the totally unrealistic. He would also just flat out lie to discredit me. The issue with the marihuana cigarette he turned into a drug trafficking novel. He said that I was one the biggest drug dealers in the country and

that agents had raided my hot dog stand and had found copious amounts of drugs. He also had the nerve of telling my customers not to go my hot dog stand because they could get arrested. He even said I would sell the drugs inside the hot dogs.

The *Tamarindo* took a serious blow with all this. I have to give Mr. B credit because his lies got the job done. Mi business was falling apart like *tamarindo* pods gone bad and falling from the tree. I ran into some of my clients in town and they all said the same thing; that they were scared of going to my business because of what Mr. B had said.

The whole issue of me being homosexual he also twisted to his advantage. He turned into something ugly and perverse. I know some people already think of homosexuality that way, so imagine what happened when Mr. B added his monstrous scenes to the whole thing and spread this among the people that knew me. He actually rejoiced from the results of his actions. The *Tamarindo* was sinking like the Titanic but I did not abandon ship.

At the restaurant other horrendous problems surged so I left. All of a sudden everything in my life seemed gray and hopeless. If it hadn't been for the support I got from my family, *Mercedes*, and the *Muchachas*, I would have been screwed.

Besides the things I've already mentioned Mr. B was doing, he also dedicated his time to saying that my pictures and my whole experience with extraterrestrial beings was all humbug. This however was a little harder to backup since there were documents containing scientific evidence that destroyed his allegations. Nevertheless, he insisted. To refute him Mr.

Martín published those documents, but Mr. B was dead set on spreading his poison.

By then the depression started to sink in. Everything I'd done seemed to be in vain. I had to endure the cruelties of people who didn't believe as well as the defamation of the vindictive body. "Where were these other people? The ones who were with me in the projection room?" During these days of the defamation campaign other pseudo researchers of lesser names joined Mr. B in his actions. They felt important by merely attacking Mr. *Jorge Martín*, who happens to be the number researcher in the country of the UFO phenomenon. They envied his international status as a renowned researcher and they tried to discredit him through me.

I know these are unfortunate events but it's how they happened so therefore it's how I have to tell them. I tried to keep all this from my grandmother and pretended everything was all right. Mr. B managed to destroy many beautiful relationships in my life; he destroyed my social life; and by boycotting my business he left me in ruins. What he wasn't able to do was sell my pictures, destroy true friendships, and though my business was bankrupt it was still standing. The most important thing was that he was not able to impede something truly wonderful: my coming together with some of the people that were with me in that initial experience. Also, he was not able to prevent the next encounter with the human not of this Earth, *Amarón*.

Chapter 14

It was around 6:00pm and I was putting in the refrigerator the leftovers from work that day when I heard a car park in front of gate. I went to the balcony to see who it was. A woman about 25 years old got out of the car. She asked me if I was *Amaury*. I said yes but immediately regretted it. "How can I help you?" I asked. The passenger door then opened and an older woman came out. She introduced herself as *Matilde* and mother of the other lady. She got closer to the gate and said she seriously needed to talk to me. I imagined it probably had to do with the UFO's.

I remember thinking that now I'd done it; that know I would have a bunch of curious people coming to the house. The older lady told me she had been with me that night. I just stood there thinking 'another one'. I had already lost hope in finding even one person that was there with me. I asked her as politely as I could what was the name of our human host. "*Amarón*" she replied.

At that moment my head started spinning, my knees bended and I couldn't move my jaw. I then reacted and ran inside to get the key to the gate. I got so nervous I couldn't find the key in my key chain. While I opened the gate I asked her what was the name of *Amarón's* home planet. "*Kaa*, like the letter K" she replied. I opened the gate and hugged her and didn't want to let go. Her daughter watched us in disbelief. *Matilde* started to cry while we still hugged. Between the sobs she said to her daughter: "You see now that what I said was true. I told you and you didn't believe me". Apparently nobody believed her incredible story, including her daughter.

Thought this woman was much older than I was, it felt as though I was hugging a little girl that was scared and confused. I felt so deeply for her I only wanted to comfort her. I imagined she must had suffered much not only from the experience but from everything that came with it. Her daughter then started to cry as well and begged her mother to forgive her for the ill treatment. She said there was nothing to forgive since she understood how difficult the situation was. We sat in the garage and talked for hours about what had happened back in May 1988.

Mrs. *Matilde* told me specific details about the experience that only someone who'd been there could have known; details I kept close to my chest with the intent of being able to discern who had actually been there during those horrible moments. Her daughter looked at us like she couldn't comprehend the instant bond her mother and I had. She looked at her mom as if she didn't know her. She gave me her telephone number and address and we agreed that I'd call her soon to meet again. They left my house late that night. I felt a little melancholy in my soul. I didn't want her to leave.

That night, as I lay on my bed alone I went through everything we talked about. The *coquíes*, crickets, and other nocturnal animals accompanied me with their nocturnal symphony. I was in a sort of ecstasies for having met her. All she said I recorded in my mind and I reviewed it with great satisfaction. What was most interesting to me was how they took her.

She explained that that night she couldn't sleep because it was around three in the morning and her youngest son of about 22 years hadn't gotten home yet. He was with his girlfriend and future in laws. She had tried calling them but the phone was always busy. She was anxious and angry that her

husband slept like a baby. Her husband sleeping, her son partying, and she was all alone. Her eldest daughter was married and didn't live with them.

Mrs. *Matilde* decided to stay up and wait for her son. She made herself a cup of tea and went out into their patio. She lived in a place where houses are right next to each other. In spite of that she had created a sort of garden in her back yard with chairs and ornamental plants. This was her favorite part of the house. With her tea in hand she sat down first and then paced back and forth in the back yard. The night was cool but with the tea and her pacing she kept warn.

She thought about all the things she'd tell her son when he arrived. "Why didn't you call me?" was the first thing she would ask. All of a sudden she heard a noise coming from inside the house. Because she hadn't heard her son's car pull up she thought it was probably her husband who'd gotten up to go to the bathroom or get a glass of water. She headed inside when she felt someone touching her shoulder. She screamed and when she turned around she was face to face with a little man with big head and bulging eyes. The last thing she felt was the hot tea over her nightgown.

When she came to it was already morning and she was seated on one of the chairs in the garden. She felt a sting in her skin. Her breasts and abdomen were irritated and her nightgown was stained. She picked up her empty teacup quite further away from were she woke up. She had apparently fallen asleep waiting for her son. She had no memory of the encounter with the stranger with the bulging eyes. Her husband was still asleep and her son had arrived and was also asleep. In that divine Sunday tranquility Mr. *Matilde* put the teacup in the kitchen sink, she washed up, changed her gown, got in bed with her husband, and went to sleep. She slept till noon.

The first thing she did when she woke up was question her son. He in turn wished her a happy Mothers Day. With that she was disarmed. This was how Mrs. *Matilde* celebrated Mother's Day, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. However, there was something that bothered her, something with no logical explanation: how could she have spilled hot tea all over her and not have woken up. Also, if she had indeed fallen asleep waiting for her son why was the teacup so far away from were she was seated.

That strange situation was apparently quickly forgotten. What still bothered her was that now she couldn't go out into her back yard alone at night like she used to. For this she had no logical explanation. She also told me of a recurring nightmare. She dreamt she was in a huge circus tent. It was empty but there was light, and even though it was supposed to be a circus there air in there was depressing. The vivid colors inside scared her and as the dream progresses she got even more scared. Suddenly midget clowns appeared with white makeup in their faces and dark circles around their eyes. Their clothes were brightly colored but didn't reflect fun or joy. The midgets started to chase her and when they got her she would wake up screaming. Her husband didn't know what to do or think. During the day his wife was the same normal person she'd always been, but at night it was like he didn't know her. Years went by and the nightmares started to fade away but she still couldn't go out to the back yard alone. Some thought she had gone mad. Her family started to see her differently, that is, until that Thursday evening. After that special Thursday they almost had her committed.

She had planned to watch the show *Ojeda sin Límite* that night with her husband. That night the show was going to be about extraterrestrials. She

was used to watching the show. Her husband sat on the sofa while she went into the kitchen to prepare some of their favorite tea. When she came back with the tea she was paralyzed because of something she saw on the television. Her husband asked what was wrong but she didn't answer. He insisted since she looked stiff like a statue. Mrs. *Matilde* told me she saw a face that had left her paralyzed. She started to tremble so hard she started to spill the tea. The hot tea made her scream and react. This got her husband very scared. It was in this moment she was able to remember and it was then that her husband and family thought she had definitively gone mad.

She bought the magazine not too long after the show, called the number provided on it, and found out how to get in touch with me. They gave her instructions on how to get to the *Tamarindo*. When she got there I was already gone. She and her daughter asked the people around the neighborhood were to find me but none one new where I was. They decided to drive around in the hopes of finding me. After a while they gave up and decided to go back to their homes. Trying to leave *Cabo Rojo* they got lost. They drove for a while trying to get out of town. When they passed a little wooden house Mrs. *Matilde* got very anxious and told her daughter to go back. Her daughter became alarmed and asked what was wrong. She said she didn't know why but she knew she would find me in that house.

This is how this lady, whom I now consider family, found me. Months after I made that calling in the various media, I finally found a person who shared that experience with me. That night I dreamt of clowns, midgets, and different colored balloons. It was a circus. In the crowd I saw Mrs. *Matilde* smiling and happy.

I spent the entire next day in the *Tamarindo* thinking of her. It was still hard to believe that I finally got in touch with one of those other people. But more incredible was what awaited me home that afternoon. I went to *Mamá's* house to take her a carton of milk she had asked me for. I was tempted to tell her about Mrs. *Matilde* but I reconsidered since I didn't want to get her anxious again. I talked with her for a while and then I headed home. On my way I thought about calling *Mercedes* and *Ana* to tell them about Mrs. *Matilde* but I decided that for the moment I'd keep it to myself. I had only shared with them part of my initial experience with those beings. Maybe I just wanted this to be very personal.

When I got home there was a car parked outside. When I got out of my car to open the gate the driver of the other car got out. As he approached me I looked at him with mistrust. What did this guy want? I thought. They way things are nowadays you never know. He stretched out his hand as he said my name. I didn't know him but the fact that he knew my name puzzled me a bit. I asked how could I be of service. In that moment I thought that maybe he was a debt collector from the bank. He said he needed to talk to me. Without opening the gate and my car's engine still running I listened to him. "It's about the television show" he said. He also said: "You made a calling". I turned my car off and I listened more carefully. He started to talk a little faster. "There were fifteen of us not twenty and you were the last they brought in". He said he didn't remember the other's faces but he recognized me in the television. He confessed he became terrified and didn't speak to anyone during the show.

He hadn't mentioned anything new though. What he'd just said didn't prove anything. As if reading my mind he said: "That man, *Amarón*, showed some videos that looked very real". He'd hit the nail on the head!

“Do you remember *Amaury* when he showed us the images from his home world? Do you remember the dinosaur?” He also said that *Amarón* had told us the name of his planet but that he didn’t remember what it was. I told him it was *Kaa*, like the letter K in our alpahbet. “Yes *Kaa*, like the letter, that’s how he told us” he concluded.

I then opened the gate and invited him inside. I asked him to sit in one of the chairs and I sat on my hammock. I asked what town he was from. I had never visited the towns he mentioned. He said his name was Oscar and that he was a police officer. We talked for hours as we smoked and drank sodas. He told me he didn’t go to work that day in order to come see me; something he wanted to do since he saw the show but was afraid to. He found me the old fashioned police way. I asked if he’d struggled with nightmares after the experience. He said he didn’t but that he did dream of prehistoric animals, nothing negative. For example, one of his most recurrent and clear dreams was that he had in his backyard a monkey, a pig, and a dinosaur as his pets. In his dream it was totally normal to have a dinosaur as a pet. He didn’t consider this a nightmare; he actually thought it was funny.

Oscar is married and has one eighteen year old daughter. His wife, thankfully, understands him and supports him since she loves him very much. He said his wife did think he was crazy but that she took it because of the love she has for him.

After watching the show where it was mentioned that my whole experience would be published on a local magazine he anxiously waited to buy it. He said he got a little crazy while reading the article and that when he was done he cried like a little kid. He didn’t know how to tell his wife he was

one of the people mentioned. His wife was shocked since she had never seen him cry, yet she didn't say anything negative to him.

I told Oscar about Mrs. *Matilde* and he became ecstatic and wanted to meet her immediately. I told him the three of us would soon get together to talk more about what had happened. Oscar told me about his own experience without difficulty. Although he was apparently affected by the whole thing, it wasn't enough to obstruct his daily responsibilities. I'll now narrate what happened to him that night just as he told me.

His sister was visiting him with her husband and children. He'd had some drinks with his brother in law, who ended up drinking too much. Oscar decided to take them home in their car, he would come back in the same car, and he would then take it back the next day. It had already gotten late by the time he headed back. About fifteen of twenty minutes before getting home the car broke down. It looked as if it was the battery. He decided to go call his wife to come pick him up so he then rolled up the windows. He didn't hear anything and didn't see any little men. He only remembers that one moment he was rolling up the windows and the next it was already morning. His watch read 7:00am. He had no logical explanation for this.

All the windows were closed. He thought that perhaps he fell asleep because of the drinks he had, but that it was unlikely since he never drinks to the point of passing out or falling asleep. He was going to get out of the car to call his wife who was probably hysterical at that point, but decided to try and turn the car's engine on instead. After turning the key the car started.

When he got home his wife and daughter were hysterical. They both talked at the same time and he couldn't understand a thing. When he was able to explain what had happened they both thought it was impossible. They had called all their relatives and nobody knew where he was. Oscar's sister told them he had already left them and had taken off. They then called the police but they also didn't know, but that no accidents had been reported in the area. They called the hospital but it was of no use. They decided to wait but since he still hadn't arrived they got in their car and drove the same route to his sister's house. On their way back and driving slower they looked for the car at the sides of the road but they weren't successful. That's why they didn't believe him when he told them about the car breaking down and falling asleep.

The incident caused a lot of trouble for the married couple because his wife suspected something else was going on. As time went by it was all forgotten until a Thursday evening while watching television. The next day he bought the magazine mentioned on the show. To clarify everything we both went to a payphone and called his wife. I talked to her for a while. Later Oscar told me she had taken it very well. After talking to me she now thinks differently about the whole thing. She now believes her husband, knows he's not crazy, and that he doesn't have a lover.

Chapter 15

I had now met two of the people I was looking for. In all truth I would have been happy with just one but there were now two people who were able to give many small details about the encounter. Not only did they give me *Amarón's* name and where he came from, but also other information and descriptions about the holographic scenes.

I didn't tell *Mamá* or anyone else about my two visitors. I thought that for the moment that was best; that it would save me and these people from further complications. Mrs. *Matilde* and Oscar had put their trust in me and I didn't want to cause them any inconveniences. All this happened in two straight days. The third day I was anxious to close up the *Tamarindo* and go home. I was still probably wasting my time since nobody was coming to eat a single hot dog.

That day I closed early and went home. I had a feeling someone else was going to show up. I lay on my hammock and waited there. After a while I got hungry and went inside to get something to eat. While I was cooking I constantly looked out the window to see if anybody came up. I had my diner seated on my hammock but nobody came. I got tired of waiting and when the mosquitoes became too much to bear I went inside to watch television. I did it only to kill time since I didn't really pay attention to what I was watching. I then heard a nose outside. I looked outside the window and there was a man standing beside the trash. "I knew it" I thought to myself.

I went up to the gate and noticed the top of the trash can was on the ground next to this man's feet. He man looked at me but didn't say a word. I

greeted him and inquired why he was there. He got nervous and apologized. He said he wouldn't make a mess of the trash; that he only wanted to get the aluminum cans to sell them for recycling. I realized that he wasn't part of the group. I told him it was no problem at all and that he could take all the cans he wanted. I went back inside to 'watch' the television and then fell asleep.

I was then woken up by the honk of a car. Must be one of my cousins, I thought while half asleep. When I looked out the balcony I saw a couple get out of the car. They looked probably twenty five years old each. They smiled and approached my gate made out of cyclone fence. They wore modern, hip clothing. They asked my name and at the same they both said they'd come for far away and they wanted to talk to me if I had time. Although I could guess what this was about, I asked them anyways. The woman, whom we'll call "*Maribel*", was the one who answered me.

- We want to talk to you about the letter K.

They then awaited my reaction. Not only did I woke up but I immediately shook off my drowsiness and told them I was going to get the key for the gate. The man, whom we'll call "*Raúl*", said not to bother and they both jumped over the fence like two trained athletes. They were very agile. The first thing I thought was how could the big headed little men catch up to these two.

The jumping couple had also been there. I told about them about Mrs. *Matilde* and Oscar. They wanted to know all about them so I told them. *Maribel* and *Raúl* are a young married couple full of vitality. I imagine they were the sort of people who got up in the morning very happy and full of energy, without a drop of a bad mood. They are very different from me; I wake up every morning with a temper and in a bad mood.

They honestly adore each other and they are genuinely affectionate with everyone. It's hard not to like them. They have such a great sense of humor; I swear I couldn't stop laughing when they told me the story of how they got taken. At first however, the experience really affected them but now they can laugh and joke about it. When it happened they weren't married yet. In 1988 they were still dating and *Maribel* was still a virgin. They told me they were in *Raúl's* father's car at a beach in the East side of the island. They were in the back seat kissing very passionately, or *grajiándose*. Things got very hot and they took off what clothes they had left on and started having sex. They were so into it that they didn't care what time it was though it was very late. It was the first time *Maribel* had sex, or at least complete sex. While laughing they even told me what position they were in when *Raúl* started making strange noises. *Maribel* thought that he made those noises because of the pleasure he was feeling. Little did she know it wasn't because of what he was feeling but of what he was seeing! *Raúl* said that when he was about to reach climax he saw something out the window that left him aghast and that in that instant he ejaculated.

He said that what he saw was something out of this world. First he thought it was maybe a child with some sort of sickness, but he then discarded the idea. Those piercing strange eyes were not human. In the position *Maribel* was in she couldn't see any of this so had no idea of what was going on. When she noticed that after he ejaculated he was still tense and his muscles tight she asked what was wrong. A that moment the door in the back of the car was opened and *Raúl* dropped over her like a rag doll. He was still inside her but seemed dead. *Maribel* started screaming and thought someone must have opened the door, stabbed *Raúl* in the back, and was

now going to kill her. She kept screaming hysterically and with her eyes shut so she never saw the little man beside the car. She only felt a hand on her forehead and the she lost consciousness. When they both came to they were dressed but with had no shoes or underwear on. They found blood stains on them but they weren't hurt. It was already morning and the beach was deserted so they decided to go for a swim. They remembered nothing except for the sex and all the passion. The horror was forgotten until *Maribel* went to a pharmacy one day to buy some medicine for her mother and saw on a magazine stand one that particularly caught her attention. When she saw the front cover she started shaking and after that completely lost touch with reality. With her nerves shattered she showed the magazine to *Raúl* and they both read it together. They concluded they both have gone through the same experience I had and that they were part of the people I was looking for. They remembered!

For a while they talked about getting in touch with me. *Raúl* thought I wouldn't believe them. *Maribel* thought that with all the details they remembered I had to believe them. However they both were concerned about what their family and friends would say. One day they drove to *Cabo Rojo* and though they had only planned it to be a casual trip to the beach *El Combate* they started to get a strange feeling. Not long after they got to the beach they got hungry so they decided to go grab a hot dog at stand on the 301 road. When they got out of the car the person at the stand was facing backwards serving other clients. When it was their turn to order they went mute. Before them stood the person they'd seen on the cover of the magazine that reported on the UFO phenomenon.

They ordered their hot dogs and sodas and ate in total silence. They didn't dare go near me. In their feverish state they didn't go back to *El Combate*

and decided to go back to their town. On their way back they didn't speak. They were both lost in their own thoughts. After a few weeks and after going over the matter for a few days, they went back to *Cabo Rojo*. This time they were determined to confront me. When they got to the *Tamarindo* they found it closed. They asked around to see where I lived. They found out I lived near the small town of *Boquerón* so they made their way over there. When they were about to give up they saw the same car they'd seen on the *Tamarindo* that day. They stopped in front of the house were the car was parked and honked the horn.

We said our goodbyes late that evening, but after we had exchanged phone numbers and addresses. We agreed to get in touch again for the five of us to meet. They were anxious to meet Mrs. *Matilde* and Oscar.

That night I didn't sleep one bit. I kept going over everything. I was anxious to tell someone about this. I thought of calling *Mercedes* and the *Muchachas* but I reconsidered. I would burst if I didn't tell someone, but I kept silent. Because I didn't sleep at all through the night I wasn't able get up to go to work the next day. It didn't make much of a difference anyway since no one was coming to the slander business. I remember thinking before falling asleep that I wasn't alone anymore so for whatever was left, I was ready for it.

That afternoon I got up at around three. I woke up in a good mood because of the dream I'd had. In that dream there were midget clowns with painted faces and happy smiles, vivid colors, balloons, and circus music; it was an all out happy atmosphere. In this circus there was a woman selling tea. I sat on a bench to watch the show while I sipped my tea. In the middle of a ring a huge gun appeared out of which a parade of prehistoric animals came out.

There was a man riding one of the dinosaurs and high up in the air a young couple doing stunts in a trapeze. That good feeling stuck with me the rest of the day. I know I was asking for too much but while I did my chores I kept looking out the window at every car that passed by. I went to take the trash out and I noticed a young woman going by the house in her bicycle. She was about thirty years old.

I didn't pay much attention because a lot of people ride around in bicycles in that area. I went back inside to continue my chores. I had books all over the place. Ever since I went public a lot of people who frequented the *Tamarindo* brought me all sorts of books having to do with UFO's and extraterrestrials. Some of them I still keep in the same condition as they were given to me. There are some that are very long. Besides the books I had clothes all around, documents, letters, in sum, a whole bunch of things. I cleaned and tidied up but always watching out for anyone that might come around. I didn't even turn on the radio, which I'm used to doing while I clean. I wanted to be able to hear if anyone came to 'visit'. Again the lady in the bicycle passed by the house. I went out to water the grass and yet again there she went. I felt curious so I told myself that if she passed by again there had to be something. A few minutes after sure enough there she was and this time she slowed down. She almost came to a stop but kept going. I then decided that if again she came by I would stop her and say something. I kept watering the grass and saw her approaching. When she passed by the gate I said: "Exercising a bit I see". She then stopped.

This woman who had long dark hair down to her waist was very strange. Even her bicycle was strange. She wore those tight pants used by cyclists and a similar black shirt. She had on a wide silver colored belt and the

buckle kind of looked like a flying saucer. Her earrings were silver colored and had like a UFO design. Her sneakers were also silver colored but it was obvious they had been painted. She also wore a silver headband and had a walkman in her belt. Looking at her I thought they only thing missing was an antennae coming out of her head. I also remember thinking that she was definitely cuckoo. She dressed like an extraterrestrial and found out where I lived to ask me questions or tell me she comes from Venus, what I character, I thought.

From that whole ordeal I learned you can't to judge a book by its cover. She didn't say anything in regards to my comment about her exercising. She just stared at me like a mad lady and then got off her UFO-bicycle and walked up to me very serious. She then said: "I bring you a message". She looked scary now that I was closer to her. She had a lot of makeup and was painted like an Egyptian. Thought she was very pretty what she inspired was bewilderment.

- My name is Helena and I've been chosen. – She said.

Another one that had her fuses burned, I thought. I really wasn't going to let this one in. Not a chance in hell! Playing along I asked:

- Chosen for what?

- Chosen for the master plan. – She replied. – I was there with you and the others in that preparation place.

She then assured me her mind woke up when she saw me on television and the magazine. Who was this woman?

- We've all been chosen to bring light and energy. Our day will come.

She kept talking in a very mystical and mysterious was; like she were seeing everything she was talking about in a crystal ball or reading someone's palm. I didn't know how to get rid of her without being rude. I

turned of the hose and very cordially asked her to excuse me because I had to return inside to finish up. I ended by wishing her a pleasant afternoon. She smiled for the first time and from her belt buckle she took out a white envelope. She gave it to me without saying a word. I thanked her and went inside.

I put the envelope on top of the refrigerator and looked at her again from the window; I didn't want her to get inside somehow and do something crazy. She got on her UFO-cycle, put on her walkman's headphones, and took off. Right then some cousins of mine arrived to ask me why I hadn't gone to work. They invited me to go with them to the commercial center in the town of *Mayagüez*. I changed clothes and went with them to the 'mall', but I told them I had to be back by sundown because I was expecting a visit. Afterwards and back at my place nobody came. I got tired of waiting so I decided to start getting ready for bed. While in my room I remembered the visit I'd gotten that day from the UFO looking lady and the envelope she gave me, but I couldn't remember where I'd left it. I looked everywhere, under the bed, behind the sofa, but still nothing. It was as if the ground swallowed it. I knew I wasn't going to be able to sleep now if I couldn't find it. I practically made a mess of the whole house again looking for it. I decided to go to bed. I couldn't sleep and I got thirsty. I got up and went to the refrigerator and: aha!!! I drank my glass of water and went back to bed to read whatever was inside.

There were three notes in different papers; like written in verse. My favorite one read:

When you see me
You'll think I'm not right in my head.

Everybody thinks the same.
I have a good heart.
That's what *AMARÓN* says.
I found you today,
Now I'm not alone.

Another paper had a poem that talked about the sun, and the third one had a letter, the letter K. I felt awful. What gave me the right to judge that woman by her appearance and how she expressed herself. I started to cry like a child. I felt angry at myself. God only knows what that poor woman has suffered and there I was making fun of her. I was really stupid and my behavior was inexcusable.

Because I know she'll read this, I wish to apologize to her one more time; tell her I love her and that I understand her even though others reject her. Forgive me Helena, I'm not perfect. I'm only human; a human from this planet called Earth. I'll do my best to not judge another single human being according to what they wear no matter how weird it looks, and I repeat that I'm not ashamed to be seen with you anywhere. The same as with the other six, I love you very much.

That night I tore myself up thinking she had come to me and I let her go without even knowing where she lived or even a telephone number to reach her. I thought she had to live close by because she was on her bicycle. I had to find out were she came from. I knew I wouldn't rest until I found her. Maybe she'll come back tomorrow, I thought. Maybe the whole experience had traumatized her in such a way to make her dress and talk like that and I'd made fun of her. That night I didn't have pleasant dreams about circuses. It was a brief but horrible nightmare. I was riding a bicycle when

suddenly I started going down a very steep hill. The brakes were not working and I was taking speed. I heard people laughing but couldn't see them. The road ended on a cliff and when I got to it I screamed and that woke me up.

The next day I went to work at the *Tamarindo* but felt very depressed. The worst thing was that I had nobody to tell it too. Maybe I would have felt better if I'd had somebody to talk it over with. Again I thought of *Ana*, *Mercedes*, and the other *Muchachas*. I didn't tell my family about the current events to not get them involved. I knew they would tell me to stay away from everything. My father would have said that all those people and me were being influenced by the devil. But there was something else that prevented me from telling anyone else. It was as if my subconscious told me I shouldn't talk about the people that were inexplicable coming into my life. Poor *Mamá*; she thought all this mess had ended a long time ago; I let her heart rest. I was in the *Tamarindo* only for a few hours when I decided to go look for Helena. I didn't know where to start. I would take the cart back home and get the papers she gave me. Maybe if I had the papers with me I could do something similar to what those psychics do. I was just being silly but I didn't know what else to do. Maybe with the papers and letting my instinct guide me I'd just drive and maybe I would find her. To sum up I spent the whole day driving around different towns and neighborhoods like an idiot. Every now and then I would put the envelope she gave me on my forehead to see if I got a sign. I spent a whole tank of gas and nothing. Every woman I saw on a bicycle I thought was her. I even stopped to ask and gave her descriptions. People must have thought I was looking for a Martian. It had gotten late and I gave up. I was so sure I'd find her but it didn't turn out that way. I'm not a psychic for sure!

To my surprise when I got home I found her bicycle leaning against my gate but there was no sign of her. I called her out but I didn't get a response. I thought that maybe she jumped over the gate and had gone to the back yard. I opened the gate and brought her bike in. It was as strange as her owner: chromed and polished. I think they called those 'schwinns' or something like that. In Puerto Rico we call them *burras grandes* (big she-asses). She had many objects on the handlebar. They were all more or less related to UFOs: little men that looked like extraterrestrials, the space shuttle, military planes, and a little globe painted like it was Earth. They all made up a strange combination, but if you think about, the meant something. The most interesting thing was that in the center of the handle bar she had a little version of the Enterprise from "Star Trek".

I still couldn't find her. I searched around the house but nothing. I went inside, and though it may seem absurd, I looked for her there too. I sat down on the stairs in the back to think and wait. I suddenly heard someone's laugh. It came from a tree that's in the back of the house and in front of where I was sitting. This startled me as did the seed that fell on my feet. I looked up and saw something moving. I had to be Helena. I called her name and she answered: "I'm up here, come up". I tried to go up but couldn't at first. With great effort I got up to where she was but I stopped when I came up close to her. Though she now looked like a different person it was indeed her. She didn't look anything like the woman from the day before. I asked if she was sure she was the one from yesterday.

- Of course. I'm the same on the inside. – She replied in a very particular way.

- But your hair was longer, almost down to your waist and now it's blond and short. – I said.

- That wasn't my hair. It was a wig. I don't like to look the same all the time.

- Oh I see. Yesterday you were from the Adam's Family and today you're like Madonna.

- Did you read what was in the envelope *Amaury*?

- Yes.

- And what do you think?

- That it was about time you showed up Helena. Do you by any chance know a Mrs. *Matilde* or a police officer by the name of Oscar.

- No.

- How about a young married couple, *Maribel* and *Raúl*, do you know them?

- I don't know any of these people. Why? Should I?

I told Helena about them all the while she listened like a child, very carefully and thoughtful. Immediately she said she wanted to meet them as asked for their phone numbers and addresses. I told her it was best if we all got together at my house soon. I was tired and uncomfortable in the tree so I suggested we climbed down. I offered her the hammock but she preferred to lie on the floor of the garage. She was starting to feel less unusual to me and the more we talked the less strange as well. I felt a great affection towards her; it was like talking to my kid sister. She told me she lived with her aunt and that in her neighborhood everyone, including her own family, thought she was crazy. She dropped out of school because even the teachers would call her crazy.

Helena has seen probably every movie having to do with UFOs and extraterrestrials. The subject attracted her since she was a little girl. She also has many magazines but her favorite is that one that tells of our

experience. When she read it she took it very naturally and then told her family. They didn't believe her and told her she was now worst than ever. They threatened to commit her again if she insisted she was also in that place with that other nut job on the cover of the magazine.

When Helena was younger, and before going through the experience, she had indeed been under psychiatric care for a while. She never took the pills they gave her because she said they would drive her crazy. In order to stop the treatment she told me she started to dress how everyone told her to and act as others would define 'normally'. According to the Department of Mental Health Helena had been cured.

After finishing the treatment she continued her life her way. Her mother died of alcohol abuse when she was fifteen. The night she got taken she was visiting her mother's tomb. She had taken her flowers and decided to meditate there for a while. It was very late that night and she had climbed over the fence like other times before when it was close to Mother's Day. She had fallen asleep over her mother's tomb. When she woke up it was already daytime. She didn't remember anything strange but she did feel different. She looked everywhere for the flowers she'd brought her mother but she didn't find them. She then took some flowers from a nearby house and brought them back to the cemetery.

She was used to buying the UFO magazine and she'd seen the television show. When she saw the show she felt she knew me from somewhere but it wasn't until she read the article that she was able to remember. Helena called the two numbers in the magazine and was told that any message or information for me had to be given to them. She didn't want to speak with them so from that day she started her search. Knowing that I lived in *Cabo*

Rojo she then dedicated all her time to covering it completely on her bicycle. She had faith she'd be able to find me. According to her that's how she came to find me. When it was time for her to go I wanted to tell her not to. I wanted her to stay with me. I felt like I should take her of her like a big brother does with a little sister. I wanted to protect her from the cruelty that surrounded her, from that part of humanity that thrives in condemning the other. I felt anger for all the injustice she's had to endure, all in the name of our society's mental health.

Helena stayed until sundown. I asked her to spend the night but she said maybe another time. She then returned to her world; one filled with hostility towards her for being different. Believe me when I tell you I know what it's like to be rejected for being different. She had no phone over in her aunt's house so she gave me her residential and postal address. I told her how to get to the *Tamarindo* and promised her I'd write her to let her know when we would all meet. That way all of us would get to know each other better.

I again felt the urge to call *Mercedes*, *Ana*, or any of the other *Muchachas* to tell them everything. I'd be lying if I said I knew exactly why I chose not to tell them. It was beyond my comprehension. Like I mentioned before, maybe it was my own subconscious. Even now I'm still not sure. I would tell them everything, but this was different. I dare say that if was not my subconscious then external influences were at work. I say this because under normal circumstances I would have immediately called *Mercedes*, *Ana*, *Rosa*, *Brenda*, and *Doris*. I wanted to talk to them about the people I had met but it was as if something stopped me. There were times were I took the phone in my hand with the intention of calling them but I'd immediately hang up.

That afternoon after Helena left I spent it on my hammock just thinking and watching the sunset. I pondered on all that had happened in the last few days; on the mysterious appearance of these five people. It couldn't have been just coincidence. They couldn't have given me so many details of that place where the extraterrestrials took us without actually being there. They were definitively there with me! "And for what purpose would they be revealing themselves so suddenly? What was behind all this?" With all these things I went back and forth in my mind. I closed my eyes to rest a bit and I fell asleep.

Kristina's barks woke me. Everything was dark and when I got up I noticed a small figure, about four feet tall, standing outside the gate. *Kristina* was barking at him. I ran inside like a bolt of lightning and shut the door behind me. I also closed the back door. I panicked and my breathing got heavy. I then heard the creature speak. It called me by my name. I heard my name clearly two times. I sat on the sofa in front of the windows that look straight out to where the figure was calling me from. I looked at the clock and it said 10pm. The restaurant was still open so I thought if I could get out through the back door I could go over there and ask for help. All the lights of the house were turned off so I dared look out the window. I thought that the figure couldn't see me. I looked everywhere but didn't see anything. I felt my heart was in my throat. I then saw some movement in the restaurant's parking. It was that little figure. It walked at a fast pace towards the restaurant. I saw him go in through my window. Since there were a lot of cars in the parking lot I was expecting to hear lots of screams and see people running out. I waited a few seconds and nothing. Among the many scenarios that I imagined there was one were the creatures put

everyone inside the restaurant to sleep so they could have their way with them and not have any witnesses.

I looked through all my windows to see if there other figures but I didn't see any. I knew I had to get out of there. As quietly as possible I opened the door. I thought of taking the car but the noise of the engine might have attracted attention. I then thought of just running to the next town, *Boquerón*. I didn't even open the gate. I slowly went through the barbed wire that marked the estate next to me and form there I got to the street. As soon as I set foot on the road I heard the restaurant door opening. I froze; I couldn't run. From inside came one of the employees with the trash. When he saw me standing there like a statue he said: "Hey *Amaury* how are you buddy? I was able to thaw out and I crossed the street. Sighing I asked if everything was all right inside. He said everything was fine and asked me why I was whispering. I told him I just thought I heard a noise coming from inside. He repeated that everything was well and invited me inside for a soda. I came up with the excuse that I was looking for one of my cats so he went back inside. I then peaked through one of the restaurants windows to make sure nobody was watching me. I could hear the Spanish music coming from inside. Inside was the little creature with a woman. "His mother?" The damn figure turned out to be a seven or eight year old child. But then what was he doing in front of my house and how did he know my name?

I observed the boy with whom I could only guess was his mother as they ate in one of the smaller tables for two people. After a few seconds I crossed the street feeling like the biggest imbecile in the world. I splashed some cold water on my face and sat on the hammock waiting for them to come out. They came out about a half hour later and both looked at me.

They got in their small dark colored car and came up to my gate. The boy stayed in the car while his mother got out and came closer to the gate.

- Good evening, are you *Amaury*? I'd like to talk if you have a few minutes. – She said.

Because she was with the boy and didn't look suspicious or dangerous I opened the gate and invited her in.

- My name is *Nereida* and I've come to talk to you about what you said on the show and what you wrote on the magazine. – She added.

We sat in the garage while the boy played with *Kristina*. *Nereida* seemed very nervous. I told her there was nothing to be nervous about and that she hadn't been the first one to come. She said she'd been in that place with me and the others. I asked her what she could tell me that she hadn't seen on the television or read in the article that could prove she was there with us. She said she thought there was nothing she could tell me. Right then my mind started to race and I thought that this was another curious person interested in my story for personal reasons. I then began to work on an excuse to get rid of her. I wasn't in the mood to answer questions or narrate my experience again.

Nereida called her son and asked him to bring her the purse from the car. She then looked me straight in the eyes and said:

- Look, I know you don't know me and that you must think I'm crazy. I'm not; but if you don't help me then I really think I'll go crazy.

The boy came back with his mom's purse. I immediately thought the worst. "What is she getting from her purse? A gun?"

- I really don't remember anything. To me I've never gone through something as strange as what you said happened to you and those other people. Here's something I want to show you that has no explanation. I'm a very religious woman and I don't believe in extraterrestrial or their ships. But this is about to drive me mad. Take a look at this and then you tell me what's going on.

It was a picture of a group of people. I couldn't see well so I turned the garage light on. I couldn't believe! This was too much! Not only was I in the picture but also Mrs. *Matilde* in a nightgown, Oscar, *Maribel* and *Raúl* barefoot and their hair all messed up, and Helena but with red hair. Amongst other people I did not recognize, *Nereida* was also there in typical religious woman clothing. In the middle of the pictures dressed in black and with a smile on his face, was *Amarón*…

Behind the group you could see part of an immense object. I recognized it immediately: the UFO in my photos. It looked like an enormous house behind us.

- Where did you get this picture?

- I don't know. It just appeared in my purse a few years ago and I've taken it with me everywhere I go since. Please *Amaury*, tell me what all this means, I beg you.

I tried to explain to *Nereida* as best as I could but she kept saying it couldn't be, that it was too incredible. I told her I also thought it was incredible but that I had come to accept it, even against my own will. She started to cry and to say that it was all the work of the devil. They boy got frightened seeing her cried so he started to cry too. I tried to calm her down. From the sixteen people I was only able to recognize some,

including *Amarón*, and myself of course. There was also someone whose name I didn't know and whom I did not know personally but that seemed very familiar. It was the boy sitting next to me in the hologram room. I remember how then I'd thought that he looked like my brother when he was around fifteen.

I was finally able to help *Nereida* calm down. She explained how she came to live that experience. Her husband and she belong to a particular religious group which I'll not mention here. They have a seven year old son whom we'll call *Luisito*. Their humble little house is a little isolated from the rest of the neighbors. This woman, who was wearing no makeup and had on 'long' clothing, has few friends outside of her religious circle. Besides other family members, the only person outside of her group from church that she was friends with was a woman who took care of *Luisito* while she worked as a housekeeper in the home of some wealthy people. This lady who took care of *Luisito* was the one who got *Nereida* to me.

She told me that the picture appeared in her purse around three or four years ago. She was looking for a medical prescription for her husband when she found the photo in one of the pockets of the purse. She looked at it and recognized herself among the people in the picture. She had no idea of how she came to be with those strangers. She didn't even own a camera. She never showed the picture to her husband or anyone else for that matter. This picture tortured her constantly, up to the point were she started to think she may have been suffering from some kind of amnesia. One day she went to pick *Luisito* up at the house of the lady that took care of him as usual. While picking up his things she noticed a magazine that was on her friend's bed. She took the magazine in her hands and recognized the face on the cover. It was one of the people in her picture. The heading read

something like ‘Kidnapped by Extraterrestrials’ or something. She then became even more confused. The nanny was very surprised when she asked to borrow the magazine. She knew she had to show her husband but feared what might happen. She thought he wouldn’t understand. He would have probably said that Satan was responsible for everything and thought she was crazy for letting herself be possessed by the demon. Her conscience told her the picture was diabolical. Many time she thought destroying it but she always stopped herself. She wanted a logical explanation for it.

That night while in church with her husband and son, she couldn’t stop thinking about the picture and the magazine. She wasn’t paying attention to the service. She still hadn’t had time to read the article because she wanted to wait to be alone, so she decided to wait for her husband and son to be asleep to do it.

When her family fell asleep she carefully got out of bed to not wake her husband. She took her purse and headed to the bathroom through the dark house. She then locked herself in and turned on the light. Feeling as though she was going to look at some pornographic magazine, she took it out of the purse along with the enigmatic picture. In the photo she found whom she was looking for. The person was between the young teenager who wore shorts and was barefoot and the man who was smiling and dressed in black.

Yes, it was definitively the man in the magazine, she thought. With her hands shaking she read the article. She couldn’t believe what she was reading. It was all different from what she knew of reality. “It can’t be” she kept repeating herself. She thought that if in fact she was there she would have remembered. “But, what about the picture? I’m in it” she told herself.

“The man described in the article is also in the photo and dressed as specified, dressed in black” she also told herself.

When she finished reading the article she was crying so got on her knees and prayed. She really just wanted to scream and shout like she’d really lost her mind, but she was able to contain herself. She didn’t want to wake *Luisito* or her husband. After looking at the picture and the magazine one last time she put them back in her purse and went back to bed. That night all she did was ask God for wisdom and strength to handle the situation. By morning she still hadn’t been able to sleep. She didn’t go to work and she stayed the whole day in bed. When she couldn’t take it anymore she confessed everything to her nanny. She told her to call the numbers on the magazine.

From the nanny’s house she called the numbers in *Cabo Rojo*. The person she spoke with told her I was not accessible, that I didn’t want to talk to anybody, and that anything they had to say to me the should tell that person. She didn’t want to tell that person anything so she hung up. Her nanny told her not to worry and that she wouldn’t find out were to reach the person in the magazine. The nanny went to *Cabo Rojo* and asked friends and family for information. Everything pointed to a person in a hot dog stand called the *Tamarindo*. When the nanny found the place and asked me if I was that person I courteously said that she was mistaken. “Of course it’s him!” the nanny thought, so she went back and told *Nereida*. *Nereida* then went to the *Tamarindo* but found no one there.

She then asked some kids about the person who sold the hot dogs. They told her he had left early that day, but also told her where to find me. She then went to my little house but found no one. Later she came back and

saw me sleeping in the hammock. She didn't want to wake me so she decided to go to the restaurant and wait till I got up.

I told *Nereida* and *Luisito* about the others, and that that afternoon I'd left work early to look for Helena. I pointed out who Helena was in her own photograph. Before she left she gave me her nanny's phone number. I could call there and let her know when we were all going to meet. She left me the picture as a present. That's how I was able to recognize the seventh person, Mr. *Toño*, before he identified himself.

Chapter 16

Mr. *Toño* arrived the very next morning. He was an older gentleman, a little on the heavy side, and very cheerful. He had a tendency to speak loudly, as if one were def. I've grown accustomed to his tone though. He woke me up that morning with his thunder mouth. When I went outside I immediately recognized him as one the people in *Nereida's* picture. He began by saying: "Look sonny you don't know who I am…" I instantly started to like this guy; he was so joyful. Though I always wake up in a bad mood, after talking to him for a few minutes my mood changed. He said: "Wake up sonny I'm talking to you". Mr. *Toño* is also from *Cabo Rojo*. He told me he had gone to the *Tamarindo* before all this started and that when he passed by he always felt strange. He said he always got the feeling he knew me.

Since he believed in reincarnation he thought he probably knew me from another life. He me told that morning he was headed to *Guaniquilla* (a neighborhood in *Cabo Rojo*) and when he saw my car parked outside he decided to stop. He said he had always wanted to talk to me about the whole UFO phenomenon but since he had read in the article that I didn't want to talk to people who were just curious he didn't want to bother me. However, somehow that morning he mustered up the courage to stop right in front of my house and call me out. I told him to wait while I grabbed the key to the gate. He said no to bother since he would only be there a few minutes to just satisfy his curiosity. I told him that was no problem.

- So tell me, was that flying saucer really big? – He asked.

- Don't you remember? – I replied smiling.

- Yes I remember, from the pictures shown on the television and in the magazine…

- No, what I meant to say was, Mr. *Toño*, don't you remember the size of the object when you saw it…in person.

- What do you mean in person! Are you crazy!

- Mr. *Toño* how can you say I'm crazy when you better than anyone know what I'm talking about.

- Sonny, how can you ask me if I don't remember the size of the saucer when I saw it in person?

- You don't really remember Mr. *Toño*?

- Look *Amaury*, I'm a little old for you to treat me like a fool. I think your being rude. If you didn't want to talk about the subject you should have told me. I would have gotten in my car and left you alone.

I told him he wasn't getting what I was saying. I told him I thought he remembered the experience and that was why he had come.

- Now you're really being rude. – He said. – This must be why Mr. B talks behind your back.

He was about to get in his car when I shouted: "Look I don't give a damn about what Mr. B says, but I want to show you something before you leave!

He stayed by his car with the door open and when I saw he didn't try to leave I went inside and got the picture. "Here, take a look and tell me what you think" I said. He took the picture in his hands and after looking at it for a few seconds his lips started to tremble, as if he were going to cry. He dropped the photo and almost fell to his knees. I helped him sit in his car. He started breathing heavy and I thought he was going to have a heart attack. I took the picture from the ground and tried to calm him down. I told him to relax and that he shouldn't get agitated. All of sudden he just

closed the door and took off. He went off, as we say in Puerto Rico, *chillando gomas* (burning rubber). I was left there with the picture in hand in the middle of a dirt cloud he lifted with his car. It was all very strange. "Did he really not remember? Where would he go now?" I trusted he would get over the shock and come back and talk about it. He didn't though. I waited for him the whole day in the *Tamarindo* but he didn't show.

The next day, the eight after meeting Mrs. *Matilde*, no one else from the picture showed up. I decided that after work I would go look for Mr. *Toño*. God only knows what might have happened to him. I didn't find him anywhere in *Cabo Rojo*. As they days went by I was even more hopeful of meeting the eighth person that was with me in the projection room. That person didn't come but I was sure someone was coming to see me. A few days went by like that. After getting home from work I'd stay home waiting like a fool. I didn't know exactly how many days went by after the incident with Mr. *Toño* but I decided it was time for all of us to meet.

I had the phone numbers and addresses of five out the seven. How could I get in touch with Mr. *Toño*? That night I wrote a letter to Helena. I told her I wanted to see her and asked her to come by the house at a specific date so that she could meet the others and talk and get to know one another better. I would send the letter the next day and I'd call the rest of them that afternoon to inform them of the date and time they should come to my house. It didn't happen like that though. When I was about to head to my grandmothers house to call them *Maribel* and *Raúl* showed up. It was a great surprise. I told them of what I was about to do and they told me about them wanting to come visit me out of the blue. We sat down and talked.

They asked me about Mrs. *Matilde* and Oscar, if I had talked to them again. I told them I hadn't but that I was on my way to call them when they arrived.

- I have a surprise, o better yet, a few surprises for you. First of all the day after you showed up a woman that was about 30 years old came to see me. She's a little different. Her name is Helena.

They were both fascinated with Helena's story and were anxious to meet her. I told them I had to be on the day I specified on the letter. "Now get ready for the big surprise" I said. I left them in the garage like two children waiting for their Christmas' gifts. I came back with the picture in my hand and without saying a word I handed it to them. Their jaws dropped and their eyes opened as big as billiard balls. They couldn't believe it. The only thing that *Maribel* said was: "I came out so ugly; I hope you're not planning on publishing the photo in the magazine". *Raúl* got irritated and told her she didn't have to be so vain. She cleared it up and said she was only joking.

- Where did you get this picture *Amaury*? Why didn't you showed it to us the first time we came?

I then told them about *Nereida*. They both look as astonished as I was when I first saw the picture. When I finished telling them about her and the picture I told them that it would never be published. The photo was ours; it was our own private confirmation and it belonged to every one of us that was there and would also be used to identify the others that were kidnapped that night.

I then proceeded to point out a heavy gentleman that was also in the picture. I told them that he had been here and when I finished telling them

about him they both thought the same thing: where could we find him. I put the picture back in my hiding place in the house.

It had gone dark and we were seated in the garage. When we decided to go call the others we head a noise coming form the back yard.

- What is that? – Asked *Maribel*.

- I don't know, maybe it's one of my cats. – I answered.

Again we heard the noise. This time we all got up. Something heavy hit the ground. None of us moved. Our eyes were fixed on the back yard. Suddenly a strange figure started to appear. It looked like it had the head of a lion and the body of a human. It walked towards us. *Maribel* screamed and though I also wanted to scream I couldn't. Finally the figure came out of the dark and we could see it was Helena. When I saw her I was able to breathe again. Because *Raúl* and *Maribel* weren't acquainted with her they were still paralyzed and scared. Helena kept silent like a ghost.

- This is Helena, the girl with the bicycle I told you about.

Helena came up to me and gave me a hug. *Maribel* and *Raúl* were still in shock. After hugging me Helena turned around facing them. They looked as if they were studying each other. All of a sudden they just started laughing and Helena did the same. Then the three of them hugged. This made me want to cry but I instead I started to laugh like crazy. I couldn't contain myself and now we all just looked like we had lost our minds.

- That was quite a scare you gave us Helena! What kind of hair is that? You look like a wild lioness!

- It's a wig. – She replied as she took the wig off and revealed her short hair but this time it was red.

Madonna was now gone and I think that for the first time I "saw" Helena, the original Helena, the one in *Nereida's* picture. The three of them sat in the garage and I went inside to make lemonade. *Maribel* asked me to bring the photo to show it to Helena. When she saw it she was unmoved and the only thing she said was: "my family".

That really got to me. To Helena we're her real family. We accepted her just how she was. As far as we are concerned she's not crazy. She's simply different. We were all talking and drinking our lemonade when Mrs. *Matilde* arrived. She was alone. Could what Helena said about hearing my calling be true? Mrs. *Matilde* was very nervous. I introduced her to everyone. The curious thing was that none of them shook hands; instead it was all hugs and kisses. Everything was happening too fast. I wasn't ready to have all these people. Besides sodas, lemonade, and hot dogs, I had nothing to prepare a dinner. I was planning on cooking a great meal for when we got together. They were fine with it though. When Mrs. *Matilde* saw the picture she almost fell backwards; she had to sit down. She asked all the questions we were asking as well: when did we take that and who were the others. I pointed out Oscar, *Nereida*, and Mr. *Toño*. Absolutely no one said anything about individual in the center of the photograph.

Everyone avoided talking about *Amarón*. Were we scared? I do not know but a few times I was tempted to do it but I stopped myself. While I told Mrs. *Matilde* about *Nereida* and her picture another car pulled up. It was Oscar and a few minutes later *Nereida* arrived. It was as if I threw a party. Everyone took turns with the picture. They all talked amongst themselves and asked each other if they recognized any other person in the picture. Still there was no talk of *Amarón*. I knew we were all thinking about this

enigmatic person, but no one spoke of him. One by one we all told how we were each kidnapped.

While one person was talking the others listened without so much as blinking. We found it strange that *Nereida* still couldn't remember. We tried everything to try and stimulate her memory but then we all just figured it be best not to pressure her. Everything in its due time. When everyone had told their story I asked:

- How is it that all of you decided to come here at more or less the same time?

They all looked at each other quietly.

- You Mrs. *Matilde*, what brought you here?

- I don't know. – She replied. – I spent the whole day thinking about you and wondering why you still hadn't called me; so I decided to come by.

- And you Oscar?

- Well, pretty much the same thing.

Everyone had more or less the same thing to say. Helena was the only one that responded in a more mystical sort of way. According to her, she'd heard my calling. After she said this everyone went silent. Oscar then asked about Mr. *Toño*. I told him that more than likely he would show up soon. I then asked something else:

- So what do you all think of *Amarón*?

Again everyone went silent.

- And? Is no one going to say anything? Nobody has anything to say about him?

- He is good. – Said Helena.

- What else? All right, if no one wants to talk about him then what do you think about the images he showed us?

- That they weren't real though they seemed to be. – Said *Raúl*.

About this we were all certain. We talked for a while about the different projections and everyone presented their own point of view. There was one other thing we all agreed on: the images were so real you could almost touch them.

I then asked them something that tormented me at times: "where was this projection room? Was it in the ship on my pictures or somewhere else? Underground maybe? Under the sea?" None of us knew the answer to this. We all had theories but nothing conclusive.

Mr. *Toño* still hadn't arrived. I was worried about his health. I told the others that the last time I saw him he looked very frail and scared.

- Why do you think they chose us? – Asked *Nereida*.

Nobody of the others answered. I said that maybe it was all random, with no special consideration. To this question, if we had been chosen or not, we really couldn't find an answer that would settle the matter. If we had been chose then, why were we so different? What were the criteria used by these people from another world to choose us? If it happened to be that all of us were blonde and blue eyed then maybe we could say that they chose us for those characteristics; but physically we were all different. We concluded that if we were indeed chosen then there had to be a common factor amongst us. Maybe it was on an emotional or spiritual level. None of us knew for certain. There were still many mysteries before us. All we knew was that something beyond the reality we were used to happened to us. Now we couldn't visualize our routines or future they way we did before the experience. We can't see religions or philosophy the mundane way we used to. Our minds were now open to any possibility. Nothing now seems

incredible. We thought it only a matter of time before things like our colonization of Mars or the establishment of a base on the moon started happening. For us now, anything a human being is capable of imagining he or she can do. We no longer ask: would science one day be able to…? Yes it can! A cork has been removed form our brains; the cork of a cosmic bottle of wine where anything is possible. We were no longer the same people. We had been born again.

Though we didn't know if we had been chosen; we did know the alleged purpose. We each had a task, a job. But, what if we refused to carry that job out? They weren't negatives assignments. Helping our planet is never negative. But there have been many times when I have wanted to give up all this. At times I've wanted my past ignorance back. In that moment I yearned for the days in which I lived in my own locked up world with the comfortable reality I had become used to. But it was too late for that now. It's not easy and I can't just close my eyes. If I knew that a house was going to burn to the ground, because of the way I am, I'd still go in and try to get everyone out and then would help them rebuild it. The ideal thing, however, would be to avoid the fire but the owners wouldn't listen. It's not in my hands.

Mr. *Toño* didn't arrive that night as we had thought. It got late so we decided to meet again on the date that I originally had picked. We said our goodbyes with a heavy heart. Helena went to get her bicycle which she had left in the adjacent estate. I don't remember well but one of the group took her and her bicycle home. When everyone left I felt sad and alone. I sat on the hammock for a while to think. When I started falling asleep I got up to go bed and looked at the chairs in my garage. Not counting the hammock there were eight chairs. Who was chair number eight for?

That night I managed to sleep well part of the night, until *Kristina* woke me up with her barking. I sat on the bed and looked at the clock, which read 2:30am. However, it was bright outside. Was it daytime? Maybe the clock had broken. From my bedroom window, which faced the back yard, I could see light. I was morning. I turned on the clock's radio and went outside to see what was wrong with my dog. When I opened my bedroom door I froze. From the windows on this side of the house everything looked dark. I ran towards the living room, tripped, and hit my left hip with something. I cursed the pain and continued to the living room.

It was like being in a dream. Through the windows that face the street I could see the closed restaurant and the dark sky. The lamppost was still on and it wasn't morning yet. What is this? What's going on here? *Kristina* was still barking and running around the house. First I heard her barking on my right and then on my left. The panic was starting to surface. I wanted to get my dog to shut up but I didn't know how. There I stood in the kitchen too scared to go back to my room. Because I'd left my bedroom door open you could see the room was illuminated.

It looked as if the light was spreading now to the kitchen. Was I dreaming? I didn't think so. The radio was still on and the music was contributing to my panic. Mi hip still hurt a little and my dog went on with her racket, so it couldn't be a dream. I wish it was though. My head was spinning. I came up with a lot of theories in a matter of seconds.

Maybe the owner of the estate next door was outside. Maybe someone had tried to steal one of his animals and he went outside to investigate. But, what kind of a flashlight was he using that was so potent? A fire then? But,

I didn't smell anything, there wasn't smoke and the light was uniform. I also noticed the light coming in from under the door that led to the stairs in the back. I was in a difficult situation. I wanted to run but I was naked and was afraid to go into my bedroom where my clothes where. I swear if I'd at least had underwear on I would have run outside. Unfortunately I was used to sleeping in the nude and now I was in a jam. I made an effort move. The only thing I was able to do though was close all the kitchen and living room windows.

I didn't even get close to the bedroom. *Kristina* was still barking and if I'd only had her in my arms I would have made her shut up. Her ongoing riot had me even more nervous. After closing all the windows as fast as I could I laid down on the living room sofa. I felt more naked than ever and didn't even have a blanket to throw over me. I felt like a trapped cornered animal. The fear was boiling over. I didn't have a phone in my house. I thought that whatever was outside would come in any minute and take me. Because I had no neighbors near nobody would hear. I thought that "they" were outside.

I couldn't see them but I knew they were there. I could see in my mind the little big headed creatures with bulging eyes jumping around the house trying to get in. I really felt those creatures where repugnant. I even thought I heard the sound of someone trying to get in through one of the doors. I cried in the darkness my little house, but silently; I didn't want them to hear me cry. Maybe they would think I wasn't there and leave.

Nobody came in the house and I didn't know exactly when the light went away. I woke up in the living room disoriented. "What a nightmare" I thought. Then I paused for a second: nightmare? If it were so then why am

I naked in the living room and with all the windows shut? I opened up the living room windows and it was day outside. The restaurant was open and the clock in the kitchen read 11:30am.

I went into the bathroom without even looking inside my bedroom. There was a small window in the bathroom, same as in my room, from were you could see the backyard. I saw that everything looked normal and in its place. Now that it was day the whole thing seemed silly. The light must have been from that man checking on his cattle.

I felt ashamed of myself for behaving so cowardly. I turned off the radio and started getting ready for work. I almost got the *Tamarindo* at 1:00pm because I spent a good deal of time inspecting the back yard. Needless to say I found nothing strange. No footprints or evidence of any kind that something weird had happened. If only *Kristina* could talk. I even checked her out but again but she looked the same as always. At the *Tamarindo* nothing had changed. Except for a few loyal clients, the rest were afraid to stop.

They day came along when I had to pay the rent to the owner of the house and I didn't have the money. Also I had to make the payment for a loan I got from the bank. I would have to abandon the little house and move back in with *Mamá*.

That day while I was getting ready to close up, a car drove up. Mr. *Toño* looked at me through the windshield but didn't get out of the car. I approached the car and said hi very politely. He didn't answer and that made me feel a little uncomfortable. He then asked me:

- Where did get the picture?

I told him it was given to me by a lady called *Nereida* and that she was also in the picture with the group.

Mr. *Toño* then explained that he had managed to remember part of what had happened but that it was still a little too hard to believe. I told him that six of the others had come by the house the night before and that we waited for him but he never showed. He then immediately asked me:

- How about him, *Amarón*, have you seen him again?

His name, Mr. *Toño* remembered his name.

- I haven't. Mr. *Toño*, in three days we're all going to meet again. Why don't you come?

- Let me think about it.

He then took off without saying anything else.

The day of the meeting came along and I was desperate for it to be nine o'clock already! Earlier that day though I spent some time with *Mamá*. Again I wanted to tell her everything that was going on but didn't. She looked so happy and peaceful and I didn't want to ruin that. I also wanted to call my friends to tell them about *Nereida's* picture and the others of the group, and about the incident with the strange light. Finally I decided to call *Mercedes* but she wasn't home. One of her daughters had answered the phone. Maybe it was better that way. I had given my word I wouldn't tell anyone about the picture. I said goodbye to *Mamá* and headed home.

To my surprise when I got there all their cars were parked outside. The only one I didn't see was Helena or her bicycle, but I had an idea of where she might me. The other one missing was Mr. *Toño*. I gave to key to Oscar and he opened the gate. We all left our cars outside and went in. After all the hugs and kisses I went to the mango tree in the back yard and sure

enough Helena was up there. I told her everyone was here and then she came down. I asked her if by any chance she had come back to the house after she'd left the last time she was here. She said that she hadn't and I of course believed her. I also had the intention of asking more or less the same thing to the owner of the estate next to the house.

We both went back inside and joined the others. They'd all brought vegetables and tubers as gifts. I thought it was curious since I'm not that fond of vegetables but I graciously accepted them anyways. *Raúl* and *Maribel* brought me plantains. Mrs. *Matilde* brought me yams. *Nereida* brought green peppers from her own garden. Oscar gave me a bag of pigeon peas that his wife had sent me. Helena felt bad that she hadn't brought anything. I told her not to worry but she still was upset. She then asked to be excused got on her bike and said that she'd be back.

When Helena came back she brought with her a bouquet of different flowers. I asked where she had got them and she said she went from house to house asking for flowers. She made very clear that hadn't stolen them and that I also believed. She had red and yellow roses as well as other flowers.

While the others were conversing about their daily lives and routines, Helena and I were preparing a very beautiful flower arrangement. Helena said that though we couldn't eat them they were food for the eyes. She couldn't have been more right…and people say she's crazy. I still had some lemons left so we also made lemonade. No one had yet spoken about the reason why we had come together.

We were now all in the garage when another car pulled up. Mr. *Toño* got out of the car with a bag in his hand.

- Good evening everyone. – He said.

I had told everyone about him and that we had to be gentle with him. He had brought yucca. I thanked him for it and asked Helena to introduce him to everyone while I went inside to set aside the things everyone brought. When I paused and looked at what everyone had brought I felt a little uncomfortable. Did they think I had nothing to eat? It's not that I wasn't thankful, it's just that I thought it was strange.

When I went back outside Mr. *Toño* seemed a little more relaxed though every now and then he would look at Helena who was performing some sort of silent ballet in the back yard while she looked up at the sky. *Maribel* and Mrs. *Matilde* were seated in the hammock talking like old friends and *Raúl* was listening to Oscar talk about his job as a police officer. *Nereida* tried to talk to Mr. *Toño* while she also observed Helena. I looked at everyone and felt like I was with family. I felt comfortable and like I'd known them forever.

After a while Helena stopped dancing and sat on the floor next to *Nereida* and Mr. *Toño*. He gestured me to come over and when I did he asked if I could show him the picture again. I went to look for it and when I came back everyone stopped talking. This was a little shocking for me. I gave it to him and he looked at it almost without blinking. We all stared at him.

We all felt sorry for him. Out of everyone he had had the least time to reflect on all that had happened. He even had just barely remembered. His mind was telling him it couldn't be but his soul said otherwise. I knew also that *Nereida* couldn't yet quite understand since she still hadn't been able

to remember. We all got close to him and let him know that we were there for him. We told him it was ok to feel confused and disoriented; to not comprehend the situation entirely; and to feel anger and rage for the act that was committed against his will. Oscar was the first to come out and ask if he remembered what happened to him that night and if he felt comfortable to tell us. Mr. *Toño* sighed and started to talk.

- I was out late that night with a friend. My wife had died of cancer a few years ago. I don't remember the exact hour but it was past one in the morning by the time I dropped of my friend off at her house in *San Germán*. I'd had a few drinks that night and did feel a little drunk. I feared losing control of the car so I pulled up to the side of the road to wait a while. I was felt very drowsy so I decided to lock the doors close the windows and take a little nap. I turned off the engine and headlights and I reclined the seat. When I was about to fall asleep I felt the car move. It was as if someone had gotten on top the rear side of the car. Then suddenly the movement and the noise stopped. I thought for a moment to go out and take a look but the alcohol and drowsiness won over. When I was almost out of it I felt someone trying to open the door. I tried to open my eyes but I couldn't. Whoever it was he was determined to open the door. After struggling a bit I was able to slowly start to open my eyes. They felt like bags of cement. When I looked to my left I saw what looked like a child. He had something in his hand that looked like a screwdriver and he was using it to try and open my car. With the knuckles of my left hand I was able to knock on the window a few times but the "little boy" didn't respond. He kept doing his thing and ignored me. This made me mad and I remember thinking that if I hadn't been that drunk I'd gotten out of the car and give him a good kick in the, you know where. I then heard noise on my right side. Trying to get the right side door open was another boy. This one had some sort of wire hanger and was putting it through the top side of the

window. I screamed and cursed at them but they just kept ignoring me. I managed to get a better look at the one on my left and noticed something was not right with his head. None of them looked at me and I now think it was better that way. I started to shake and fear came over me. I shouted "get out of here you sons of bitches! Can't you see I want to sleep leave me alone!" By then I was fully awake. Those children were not normal. When the one on the right managed to get the wire in and was trying to open the lock from the inside I grabbed and screamed: "what do you think you're doing! Go, go to sleep leave me alone! I twisted the wire so that he wouldn't be able to use it. I started the car but the headlights wouldn't turn on. I didn't matter though; if I had to I would drive with no lights. I screamed at them again so that they'd clear out but they didn't so I just took off. I absolutely couldn't see anything in front of me but I didn't care if I ran those two over. There weren't any lampposts on that road; there were only trees alongside it and it was one of those trees that I crashed into. I hit my head on impact and could feel the blood running down my forehead and face. I couldn't move. I felt pain if I tried to. The last thing I remember before I lost consciousness was a cockcrow. When I woke up I was home and in my bed. I then told myself that I'd never drink again after that nightmare I had the night before. I noticed I had slept with my clothes on. I got up to go to the bathroom and when I looked in the mirror I noticed I had a wound on my forehead and my shirt was stained with blood. When I went outside I saw that the front of my car was totally destroyed and the windshield had broken in a million pieces. I went inside the house again, locked myself in and went back to sleep. I didn't want to think about anything. When I woke up again that afternoon everything was still the same. I was convinced that I'd had an accident on my way back the night before for driving drunk and that somehow I managed to get home. The thing about the big headed children had to be a product of all the gin I

drank. I took the car to the mechanic for reparation and had forgotten about the matter until the other day I came to talk to *Amaury* and then he showed me the picture. Look, if you notice you can see the blood stain on my shirt. We took a look at the picture again and sure enough you could see the blood stain. Again we all went silent. This time it was Mr. *Toño* that asked a question. He asked *Nereida* where she had gotten that photo. She told him how it mysteriously appeared in her purse one day, but that she still couldn't remember the experience. If it hadn't been for that picture she never would have thought that something like this might have happened to her. No matter how hard she tried she came up with nothing. The only thing she remembers about that day was that she spent it taking care of her ill sister. Back in 1988 her sister lived in the town of *Lajas*. *Nereida* remembers leaving her sister's house at around 11:00pm and she said that she got home without any sort of difficulty. She paussed for a second and then added:

- I actually do remember something that happened on the way back but that I hadn't given it much thought. I remember I almost ran over a dog but managed to hit the breaks in time when my car's engine suddenly died. I was able to get it back running again and just got back underway.

We all agreed that something else had definitively happened to her that night when she was coming back from her sister's house, and we had a pretty good idea what that was.

The restaurant closed and we were all then left sort of isolated. We were talking about the possible ways *Nereida* might have been abducted when we hear some frightening noises. We heard the cows mooing and the horses neighing. Though we couldn't see the animals we could tell they were nervous and agitated. All of a sudden one of my cats, who sat on *Maribel's*

lap, just ran out of there. *Kristina* started to growl and to run from side to side. We all froze and, like the animals, sensed something was not right. Nobody said a word nor moved. We all looked at each other and to the places where the noises might have been coming from. The breeze that we had been enjoying that night got stronger. At that moment I thought that maybe a storm was coming and we started to get a light drizzle. *Raúl* then broke our silence by screaming: "look!" We all looked to where he was pointing but saw nothing. "Look at the trees!" When we looked at the trees that were in front of the restaurant these were barely moving. The trees around my little house, however, looked like they were near a hurricane. What was going on? Also, that rain looked as if was only falling on us. The road in front of the restaurant was completely dry. *Kristina* was still barking and *Maribel* and *Raúl* hugged each other and got close to me.

All the animals were acting like crazy. My cats meowed uncontrollably. Mrs. *Matilde*, Oscar, Helena, *Nereida*, and Mr. *Toño* also joined *Raúl*, *Maribel*, and I. They all asked me what was going on but I was just a scared as they were and really didn't know what to say. I thought the thing with the rain was so strange that I decided to go out the garage and look up. I didn't see anything but I noticed the raindrops were salty. When they touched my eyes they irritated them. Was it just rain or seawater? I looked up a second time covering my face as much as possible from that water and it was then that I saw it: a shadow, a dark circle. I recognized it immediately. It was a UFO. The panic I got was indescribable.

It was stationed very high up and didn't make a sound. I screamed "they're back they're back! And we all ran inside. Now I was really hysterical. Nobody had to ask whom I was talking about. We shut all the windows and

closed all the doors. We turned off the lights and were left like mice hiding from a cat.

Nereida was the first to start crying. We could hear Mrs. *Matilde* in a very soft voice trying to calm her down. Mr. *Toño* leaned on one of the kitchen walls and unintentionally caused one of the laminated paintings on it to fall on the ground. When it hit we all screamed. We heard that rain fall in the zinc roof top. The whirlwind was still active. Helena took my hand and I could fell her whole body trembling. *Raúl* and *Maribel* were still hugging and then she started to cry while she kept saying she wanted to leave. Oscar also suggested we'd leave.

We decided to leave the house at once. I suggested we go to *Cabo Rojo* but that we should take the route through *Boquerón*. There lived more people around that area. If we took the other route we would have to go through *Villa Taína* which was a lot less populated. The gate outside was locked and we couldn't find the keys. I frenetically looked for them in the darkness but still no luck. I knew *Raúl* and *Maribel* didn't need me to open the gate since they could easily jump it as well as Helena. For the others it would have been a little more difficult because of their age and weight. I finally found them and we started walking to the door. *Nereida* stopped crying and began praying out loud. Though I got why she did it, it got a little more on edge. Before I was about to open the door we heard a buzzing sound. At first far away but then it got closer. It was a sports car that was approaching at high speed. The sound was a familiar one and it helped grounded me a little, because everything that had happened since the animals went wild was absolutely unreal.

The car went by very fast and I was again left in that impossible world. I asked everyone if they were ready and they were. As I slowly opened the door I could feel everyone's body heat on my back. The gate and the cars seemed to be a mile away. When I finally got the door opened we all went out. The rain had stopped and there was now only a light breeze. *Kristina* approached us and looked at us with curiosity. She went out to the gate and then stared up and growled. This meant that the UFO was still on top of us. I decided that when I got to fence I wasn't going to look up. We all went down the step that separated the balcony from the garage at the same time like one whole creature, like a human spider. I looked at everyone and it was if as thought they'd aged ten years. I realized I had to be strong for them, though in all truth what I really wanted to do was run to *Mamá* and hide in her arms. *Neredia* kept praying and we could still hear the animals were unsettled but they weren't mooing or neighing. The horses stomp could be felt on the ground like a vibration.

The human spider then started to walk again. From the garage we all ran to the gate. I took the padlock in my hand but couldn't find the right key. While I was doing this the others looked up. "My God!" exclaimed Mrs. *Matilde* as she made the sign of the cross. I hadn't noticed that Oscar had pulled out a small gun. I stopped what I was doing and asked him to put it away. He looked at me surprised and replied that we might need it. "We don't need it, put it away!" I said. The others were trying to rush me as they said that it looked like the object was starting to descend. I didn't want to look. "Hurry *Amaury* hurry!" they yelled. Helena was grabbing me so strongly from the back by my shirt that I thought any moment she was going to rip it off. With my hands sweating and shaking I still couldn't find the right key.

Oscar put away the gun and I was able to find the key. I opened the padlock but as soon as I did I was blinded. I couldn't see and I started to scream and heard everyone yelling "I can't see I can't see!"

Nereida was screaming to God to please help us. I thought we'd best go back inside the house. We couldn't drive our cars while blind and hysterical. I felt Helena fall and as she did she took me with her. She was unconscious. I shook her but she wouldn't wake up. *Kristina* was still barking and with everyone yelling and crying I thought I would pas out too or at least that's what I wished would happen. In a matter of seconds my vision started adjusting till I started to see shadows but it was enough. I could see the house and the entrance of the door we had just got out from. I tried to pick Helena up but she was too heavy from me. Thought she looked skinny she was heavy.

Slowly I could see even better. "Let's go back inside!" I yelled. Inexplicably there came a dead silence amongst us as the wind died down and the trees stopped their erratic movements. Everyone except for Helena placed their hand on my shoulders, head, and arms and I guided them inside. I then went out for Helena and when I got to her she could move. I couldn't tell if her eyes were open or not but when I called her name she replied: "They came back" I helped her up and took her inside.

Everything was dark and silent inside the house. I immediately thought the worst. I took Helena to the sofa and laid her down. When I went to close the door everything outside looked as if nothing had happened. You couldn't hear the wind anymore, the animals, and *Kristina* and my cats had calmed down. I asked myself if the UFO was still up there. Though I didn't go out to find out I supposed it was there, suspended like a dark shadow. It

was like looking up at a sky full of stars with a black hole. “And what about that strange rain?” I thought. I had stroked my face and put the wet fingers in my mouth. They tasted salty. It was all very strange.

I asked how everyone was and they responded they were ok. I got out a flashlight from my room. Though I could see fairly well now when I blinked I saw a white light in front of me. I took the light to everyone to see their faces and felt sad for them. I wanted to hug them all and comfort them but I think I needed that even more than they did.

I know this may come of as a little pretentious but I want to be honest in terms of what I felt that night. I sensed they saw in me a leader, but I didn’t want to be. I didn’t feel qualified. I only wanted to go to *Mamá’s* house and hide like a frightened child.

I would have preferred Oscar to be the one that led us. I thought he was better suited since he was a police officer, yet he also was expecting from me something I couldn’t bring them: courage. Maybe because we were in my home all the responsibility came to rest on my shoulders. I asked how they felt and if they could see now a little more than just shadows. *Raúl* answered upset that how could they see if they were in total darkness. I told him he knew what I was referring to. *Maribel* called him out in his attitude towards me and then apologized. Mrs. *Matilde* and *Nereida* went to the living room to watch over Helena. Mr. *Toño* stayed in the kitchen with *Raúl* and *Maribel*.

- What are we going to do? – Asked Oscar.
- I have no idea. – I answered.
- What was that light that blinded us. – Asked Mr. *Toño*.
- It came form the UFO. – Answered *Raúl*.

Apparently while I was trying to open the gate and the others were looking up, the object produced a brilliant light like lightning directed at us. We inferred that it was so that we'd stay in the house.

While we discussed the possible reasons as to why they would want us to stay, something as incredible as everything else happened. Every crack in the wood of the house and every hole in the roof was suddenly brightly illuminated. It was as if it were day outside and we'd close all the doors and windows but the light still penetrated inside.

My dog again started to bark enraged. The light then turned off as suddenly as it appeared and were left again stunned and a little blinded. That lasted for less than a minute. The light of my flashlight looked like a firefly.

Mrs. *Matilde* asked me what exactly did they want with us. *Nereida* asked me why did they torment us. I knew none of the answers and I yelled why were they asking me, which was very rude of me and I immediately apologized. I told them I didn't know but that the most logical thing was that maybe they were trying to communicate with us again.

- But why all the drama? – Asked *Maribel.*

- Well, if we think about it we're the ones making the drama. – I answered.

Again that brilliant light appeared but this time only form the back yard. *Kristina* keep at it barking and running. I told everyone that we should try to relax and take things slow.

- We are all aware of what's happening so let's just try and put the fear aside. – I remarked while my own knees trembled and my tongue was heavy.

- No matter what happens were all together. Well, who's going to go outside and confront them. – I said having no idea how those words had come out of my mouth.

Almost at the same time everyone said: "Not me"

- Why don't you go *Amaury*? – Asked Mr. *Toño*.

- Because I can't bear to see those big headed little ones again. Frankly I'm terrified of them.

- But what are we going to do? Stay in here locked up till morning? – Asked Helena.

I then suggested we all go to the bedroom and open up one of the windows that face the back yard to see if we could observe anything.

We all went to the bedroom and *Raúl* slowly started to open the window. We could clearly see a column of light coming from the sky. It was white and like of piece of day in the night. Because of the windows position we couldn't see exactly where the column of light was coming from. We guessed it came from the flying saucer. We all admired it all the while *Kristina* ran around it and barked. She never penetrated it though. We were all commenting and asking each others things like: "this has got to be visible from a distance, why hasn't anyone come around? What does this light mean? What's it for? Is *Amarón* coming down?"

Mrs. *Matilde* suggested I shout his name to see what happened. I told her she should do it because I was too afraid but she was afraid to do it also. "Who's going to do it then?"

- *Amarón*! – Shouted Helena through the window.

At that moment I think we all stopped breathing. I then wet ahead and called his name too. All of a sudden we were all calling him in a sort of

collective hysteria. “Look, look at the light, it’s changing!” The light was still white but the tone had changed.

We noticed that from highest point we could see the column of light something started to descend. It slowly came into our view. They were shoes! “Here they come!” shouted *Maribel*. We left the window open and immediately ran out of the room screaming. *Nereida* started praying again.

Kristina suddenly stopped barking. In very low voice I told everyone to please calm down and to try and listen. Someone knocked on the back door three times. Again we were struck by paralysis. Again they knocked. Mr. *Toño* whispered in my ear to ask who it was.

- Who is it? Who’s there? – I asked.

- It’s me, *Amarón*.

My heart almost stopped and I couldn’t breathe right. I felt I was out of breath and I swear I would have rather died than confront that situation.

- I wish to speak with you *Amaury*.

I couldn’t believe it. He called me by my name. This had to be a joke. I had to grab on to Mr. *Toño’s* arm because I thought I would faint and my legs felt like chewing gum. Every time he uttered a word on the other side of the door it was a hammer pounding on my mental equilibrium.

I felt, like the others, that we knew absolutely nothing about the world and its affairs. Each word pronounced by this being form another world carried a certain weight, and that weight little by little and word for word destroyed everything I considered real. Nothing is as we think it is. The unknown is always around the corner waiting for us.

- If you want to talk to me do it from out there. – I said.

I felt I was talking to a ghost, but he was indeed real. As real as you who are reading this. We could no longer see the light coming in from the bedroom.

We were all hugging each other and we left the living room to go into the kitchen so that we could hear him better. The next thing he said was something like "I know very well how you're feeling right now. I too am afraid. At least you have each other, yet I've come alone up to your doorstep. I carry no weapons so there's no reason to fear me. I have not come here to hurt you. If my intentions were to hurt you I wouldn't have had to come here personally".

Oscar told me to ask him what he wanted with us. I told him to ask that himself but he insisted I do it.

- You want to talk to us? – I asked.

- Well, I'd say we already are, don't you think?

Before he could speak again I kept going.

- Now you look here, *Amarón* or whatever your name is, why have you come here? To do the same thing you did the last time? Do you think that after doing something like that, taking us against our will to that place, we now have to welcome you with open arms?

I was scared but something stronger grabbed a hold of me. The rage and anger I had felt for all the emotional and psychological damage that this person had caused me surfaced and the fear subsided.

- What gives you and your creature companions the right to take people from our Earth like that? – I added.

Raúl told me to be careful with what I was saying and to try and calm down. I didn't even bother to reply to that. I separated from the others and I went right up to the door.

- Can you hear me better now?

- Yes, I hear you *Amaury*.

- Are those big headed creatures with you? Are they outside with you waiting for me to open the door?

- *Amaury* this is your home and I'm not going to make you do anything against your will.

I looked back at everyone laughing like a madman and pointing the flashlight in everyone's faces.

- Did you hear that? – I said very sarcastically. – He's not going to make me do anything against my will. And I'm supposed to believe the same individual that kidnapped my friends and I. Besides, you haven't answered my question, are the little ones with you?

- They're not with me this time. I'm alone.

- Where are they then?

- There's only one of the ones you're referring to and he's in my transportation vehicle.

- Did you hear that? His transportation vehicle, as if it were some toy!

It must have been my nerves because I was being very sarcastic and arrogant. Even I didn't recognize myself at this point.

- Well the best thing you can do is to leave him there in your vehicle because I don't want to see him.

In all truth I really didn't want to see these creatures again because I knew that if I saw one I would have, excuse my language, shit in my pants.

I felt every muscle in my body was tense and an intense anger for the way this man behind the door was addressing me. His tone was friendly and wasn't angry at all.

- *Amaury*, why don't you open the door so that we can talk face to face?

- How can I be sure of your intentions? How can I accept the word of a kidnapper? Because that what you are, a kidnapper. It doesn't matter where you come from, it's all the same. The fact that you're not from this planet doesn't change things. Even if you came from Russia, France, or Africa it still wouldn't change anything. Do you know where Russia and Japan are?

- Yes *Amaury*, I know were there located. I know you don't trust me or my people and I don't blame you. I agree with you in that the procedure we used to make contact with you was not appropriate and that's one of the things I wish to speak to you about.

He sounded so honest and sincere that I almost believed him. I told him to wait a moment and went to talk to the others.

- What do you think? Should I open the door? – They all looked at me like their eyes were coming out of their sockets. – Well, tell me, say something. Helena, what do you have to say?

- He is good!

Raúl and *Maribel* nodded in approval.

- Oscar, how about you?

- I don't know buddy, but the fact is that if he really wanted to harm us he would have done it already.

I then asked Mrs. *Matilde* and Mr. *Toño* who were the oldest in the group. They said to do what I thought best. *Neredia* just said to let it be God's will.

The next thing I did went against my own values and morals since I abhor weapons.

- Oscar, hand me you gun.

Oscar handed me his gun and I went back to the door.

- *Amarón* are you still there?

- Yes I'm here.

- Very well, now you listen carefully. Do you know what a revolver is?

- Yes.

- Then look, I have one. The first thing I'm going to do is to turn on the light bulb that's right next to the door. Do you know what a light bulb is?

- The artificial light contained in a glass sphere.

- The second thing I'm going to do is open the door and, I swear on my grandmother, if one of your little friends tries to get in, the first bullet is going to be for him and the second one for you. Do you know what a bullet is?

- Yes, the projectile discharged by the weapon.

Though I knew in my heart that I would have never been able to shot the little ones or this man, I opened the door and there he was, the same as in the picture. The same as the day we all met in the projection room, as we have come to call it. All the anger and rage inside me was replaced by something else. I lowered the gun. He was alone and I could see fear and terror in his eyes.

His eyes reflected how human he was. I threw the gun on the ground. We just stood there and looked at each other without saying a word. What a

strange sensation! Though in my opinion this person had done wrong, I couldn't hate him or mistreat him. For the first time I was able to get a good look at him. There, standing in the backdoor light, he was real and the same as us. I regretted the way I had treated him and I knew he also regretted the way he had handled matters years back.

His actions had been entrusted to him. It wasn't in his hands. Little by little everyone got close to me and also observed him. What most moved me was a tear that rolled down his cheek followed by many others. He stretched out his hand, in the same manner as we do, and in that moment we made contact. I hadn't noticed before but I too was crying.

All the hate and anger I carried since the day I went through that initial experience, had now left me. I only felt love and compassion for that being. *Amarón* took a step forward and without thinking twice about it we hugged like brothers. This was a very emotional moment. I really can't find the words to describe what I was feeling. It was unique. Then, one by one, everyone hugged him and we all cried together.

I invited him inside and he thanked me. I turned on the lights and went into the kitchen. Some of us sat and others stood. The first thing he did was apologize to us for having caused us so much trouble and anguish. He assured us that that would never happen again. That, he said, was a promise from one brother to another. We all believed him.

He told us he was presently taking the necessary steps with his superiors so that that type of procedure, what we call abduction, is not employed anymore. He was sure that with our help this could change so that further contacts with other human beings of this Earth are carried out voluntarily.

Amarón told us that he's always been against abduction as a means to make initial contact with some of the people of this planet in particular. His father *Naai* also felt the same way. We asked several personal questions. His mother's name is *Madelina* and he has a younger brother called *Octavio*. *Amarón* is single but he has a daughter named *Carmen*. I pointed out that some of these names were very similar to ours and he said that all names are universal, and that the names we know of here on Earth are not exclusive to out planet.

- But we've never heard you name before. – Said *Maribel*.

He said that it is used here on Earth, but it's most commonly used in other countries. His name is not common in Puerto Rico. We didn't ask him about the way of life on his planet because we had already seen it in the projections. I had to ask him though certain things that were driving me mad.

- *Amarón* why if the *oemores* kidnapped me in the road of *La Bajura* did I then appear somewhere else? Where was that place with the other cars?

He explained that some of us were taken along with our cars. They took us to a base under the ocean, and it was in this base where the other cars where as well as the projection room.

There were so many things we wanted to ask him and he did as well to us. Mr. *Toño* asked about his ship and who was operating it.

- Right now my vehicle is at a great height. When it reaches this altitude it is then made to look like a star, amongst others in the sky, from the surface of your planet. Piloting my vehicle is, what we call in *Kaa*, an *oemore*. They're created by our society to facilitate certain functions. They're used in missions to your planet and in our daily lives too they are

very helpful. In their fabrication we use various types of genes, but the predominant one is from the ape. They are programmed but they're not machines. Their skin and structure are composed of live tissues. Each *oemore* has a short life span, only a few days. If it is wished to keep them alive a little longer they're supplied with water and any type of green plant. This plant has to be processed so that it gets to be like a paste and then it can be administered orally. The *oemores* are only one of the reasons that many witnesses on your Earth say to have seen a great variety of extraterrestrial beings. For us in *Kaa*, and for other humans spread throughout the cosmos, it was convenient that humans on Earth thought that real extraterrestrials had that appearance. This way it is easier to live among you.

I noticed that while *Amarón* was talking he glanced at some of the vegetables that everyone brought.

- Are there vegetables like those over in *Kaa*? – I asked.

- Yes there are. All the fruits and vegetables you have here we also have. Also, as you probably remember from the projections, we have the same animals you have including those that are already extinct here, and at the rate things are going in this Earth there will be even more animals that will become extinct.

- Do you feed off animals in *Kaa*?

- Where I'm from, as well as many other places, we don't base our diet on animal flesh. We don't eat any kind of meat nor do we eat fish or others types of sea life. Our food comes only from fruits, vegetables, and anything else from the vegetable kingdom, and we drink water free from any chemicals. Not even our animals eat meat. All of our animals eat grass, fruits and vegetables. Meat is very harmful and besides, eating meat is something we can't even conceptualize. It'll be for you like eating sand or

gravel. You simply wouldn't do it because you would know it was harmful and also you wouldn't even consider it suitable as food for a human being. It is the same with us and meat.

Amarón suggested we gave up eating meat. Then Mrs. *Matilde* asked him if he'd already eaten. He said he had a little while ago.

- Are you hungry? Do you want to eat from our vegetables? – Mrs. *Matilde* insisted.

- Don't trouble yourselves.

- It's no trouble, I think were hungry too. – Said *Raúl*.

Maribel and Mrs. *Matilde* hurried to start getting everything ready. In a large pot they put yams, potatoes, pigeon peas, garlic, plantains, yucca, and sweet peppers. *Amarón* suggested no salt or additional condiment were added and they complied. To be completely honest I would have personally added a few pounds of meat but we wanted to please our guest. While everything was cooking *Amarón* asked us how our lives had been since the initial encounter. Everyone told their story. The last one to comment was *Nereida*, who was behaving a little strange. She didn't seem as enthusiastic as the rest of us. *Amarón* noticed and addressed her.

- I know what you're thinking *Nereida*. You're wondering where do your religious principles fit in this new reality scheme that you've been introduce to. *Nereida*, you and everyone listen well. There's only one creator, one, the one you know as God. We, the other humanities of whole universes, know him as the Originator. He is the originator being of all that exists. He originated our planets, all the suns and stars as you know them, and the entire human race that inhabits in this immense and infinite physical existence. Before us humans, he also originated other beings. These beings exist on another plane. The spiritual plane. These beings

posses the same emotional and spiritual capacities as us but lack a physical body. On occasions, these beings have taken or have changed into physical matter, in the form of human bodies and even bodies similar to the *oemores*. As your holy book says, there have been tribulations in this spiritual plane. There was slander and rebellion against him, the originator of all that exists. Among these spiritual beings there were some who twisted the original plans of the Originator. When he created the physical plane, he placed in different areas two physical beings similar to him, not only in appearance, but also emotionally and spiritually. To each of these couples in different places were given the ability to reproduce by their own means so as to populate the different areas of the cosmos of physical beings. They all had the same origin and they all had their own names. The ones from your planet revealed their names as Adam and Eve. Throughout the cosmos there have been established hundreds of thousands Adams and Eves by work of the Originator. Everything was in perfect order. There was balance. Every physical world had its own maintenance system. When a particular spiritual being opposed the order of things, he decided to visit all those first couples that had been placed in the various places of the physical plane. Among all those other places, only here was he able to disrupt the order of things, in this little spot on the physical plane you call Earth. In *Kaa* we also have our own book that tells the story of the "Originator of all", and it begins more or less in the same way as yours, only that it drastically changes when your first physical beings joined the rebel spiritual being's campaign of destruction. For there to be order, certain laws and norms have to be observed. When these laws and norms are disobeyed, turmoil and imbalance then surely follow.

At that moment not only *Nereida* but all of us to were satisfied. We were all suffering from moral and religious conflicts due to the trauma of the initial experience.

We could now reconcile the fact of the existence of beings from another world with our programmed mentality. In terms of God, everything was set in place and our faith in him was now even greater. Even more holy and grand is he for giving life to humans in the entire cosmos! "Humans in other parts that weren't Earth" I thought to myself. In ancient times all of our native ancestors had very limited mentality and their universe were very small. They thought that they were the only ones that existed and their territory was the only dwelling place. Trauma therefore ensued when the white European came along. After believing for so long that they were the only ones they felt the need to deify this people. They thought of them as gods. Gods that came in strange ships. It was the way they were able to handle the impact of their contact with beings from another "world". This other world was of course our own world. When these natives realized that these beings were as human as they were, their minds expanded. Presently something similar is happening with us. There are those who claim there are no other human beings other than us on Earth. From that little village were the natives dwelt, their universe then came to be the planet. We must expand our mental capacities so that when these beings and their strange ships make open contact with the entire planet we don't deify them. I'm not going to start arguing now about the existence of extraterrestrial humanities. It would be a waste of time. It is something I know as a fact, because if this experience hadn't happened to me personally, I wouldn't believe in any of this.

That's how I used to be, a non believer like many others. I don't blame them though. I do feel one has to see in order to believe. Fortunate is he who is able to believe in something reasonable and logical without having seen it. I wasn't one of these people. Sometimes it still seems too incredible to me. But then each time I see him I'm again convinced. Even with all the evidence I posses, both private and the ones I've made public, it's still hard. I don't even want to talk about those who haven't experienced extraterrestrial contact.

So many things we talked about with *Amarón* that night in my little house. I turns out that he has a really good sense of humor. We ate and talked but then the time came to say goodbye. I pleaded him to never bring an *oemore* with him when he came to visit. He said he would honor my wish. We all went out to the backyard and looked up at the sky but didn't see anything, only stars. Helena asked him where his flying saucer was.

- It's on its way. – He replied.

We saw one of the many stars start to increase in size and then the light was extinguished. You could only see a dark circle the size of a coin that got bigger and bigger. When it got to a point were it looked bigger than my house it stopped. *Amarón* brought out a thin card, similar to a credit card. "What is that?" I asked. He said it was a remote control. When he pressed it or slid his thumb over it and this gave the *oemore* instructions.

We all said goodbye and I'm not ashamed to say that we hugged and kissed each other on the cheek like brothers. He said that we would see each other again soon. He slid his finger over one of the symbols on the card and the brilliant light through which he descended appeared as did the whirlwind. The animals started their noise again but this time we didn't pay any attention to them or the wind. The light column changed its color tone and

he penetrated it. He walked towards the center facing us and then lifted his hand as a farewell. When he started going up he looked down and said: "See you soon". He went up the light and as soon as he was out of our sight everything went dark. I tried to identify the saucer but I couldn't see well because my eyes were still adjusting from staring at the column of light. Then suddenly *Raúl* said: "Look there it goes!" we could see in the sky the ship-coin. It changed from color to color and did some sort of maneuver. It looked so pretty! It was like it gave us a color spectacle: brilliant reds, yellows, blues, a whole rainbow. It went out to ocean, between the beaches of *Boquerón* and *Bullé*. To our surprise it dove into the sea.

Instead of flying up and into the stars, like we had thought it would do, it went down. "Into the sea?" I asked myself. I would have to ask him about that when I saw him again. We went inside the house and sat down to talk. *Nereida* seemed lost in her thoughts, and we gave her some space. Maybe she was finally remembering something of the initial experience. We concluded this would be the first of many more meetings to come. That late evening we decided we would keep the matter between us. If for any reason any of us wanted to talk about it outside of the group, we would discuss amongst ourselves first. Oscar picked up his gun and put it in his ankle holster. I invited them to stay and sleep for a while. Helena was the only one who accepted. Mrs. *Matilde*, Oscar, *Nereida*, *Raúl*, and *Maribel* decided to go. Some had quite a long drive ahead. Mr. *Toño* decided to stay a while. We said goodbye and I said I'd call them later that day. They looked so tired I feared they might get into an accident for driving like that so again I insisted they stay. They refused and left dazed and in silence. I prepared the sofa for Helena and right away she fell asleep. Mr. *Toño* and I went to the garage. I lay down on the hammock and he sat in one of the chairs. It was still dark and there was a light breeze. The night was nice and

cool. Mr. *Toño* took out a cigar and I smoked one of my cigarettes. There we were each lost in his own thoughts.

When we heard the first cockcrows Mr. *Toño* said his goodbyes. I locked the gate and went to sleep. Helena slept peacefully and though I felt very drowsy I thought I wasn't going to able to sleep. I was very wrong. By the time I woke up Helena was gone and she had cleaned everything up. She washed all the dishes from the night before and on the kitchen table she left a few mangoes she got from the back yard. The floral arrangement she put in the living room. I took a few of the yellow flowers and put them on top of a little night table in my bedroom next to my bed. I got back in bed but this time I wanted to think. I meditated over all the things we asked *Amarón* the night before. In my mind I went over and over that incredible night. I thought a lot about what he said were the reasons why he and his people visited Earth.

They come in peace. They love us and their desire to help us appear to be genuine. Throughout the years and through various people they have contacted, they've slowly introduced certain technologies into our world. Unfortunately, many of these have fallen into the hands of individuals who're only concerned about material things, about money. *Amarón* and his people can give us advice and suggestions but it is up to us to make the necessary changes to safeguard our survival. They simply cannot understand why we are so destructive and why we let negative spiritual beings manipulate us.

We all individually begin that process of destruction with our own bodies. We take in drugs and all kinds of chemical substances in our foods. Perfumes, oils, creams, deodorants, dyes, inks, and other things we put in

and on our bodies to complete this destruction. And as if it weren't enough, we also destroy our own environment. We contaminate the air, our rivers, and our oceans. We tear and shred our forests and now we also keep filling our planet's orbit with the remains of old satellites and junk and scrap from every space mission our governments have produced. *Amarón* told us that in the last six years we've dumped nuclear waste in our oceans on four occasions. The inhabitants of *Kaa* cannot understand why humans from planet Earth insist on utilizing nuclear energy when solar energy is readily avalible. Also energy can be created from the wind and from water currents.

They know were still misguided and influenced. The great powers of the world are influenced by the disorder and chaos of parallel but invisible world. Maybe that's why these great powers want to keep hidden the whole extraterrestrial matter. They fear beings from other worlds would help us create order, balance, and equilibrium. This fear is based on the fact that if these things came into realization these powers would loose their control. One of the many objectives that these extraterrestrial humans have is to help us bring down these corrupt institutions, so that they're replaced with a leadership based on great order and love.

Another objective the humans from *Kaa* and many other places in the cosmos have is to be able to freely and openly interact with us, their fallen brethren. To this date there have been many thousands of people born here from mothers or fathers from Earth and mothers or fathers from *Kaa* and from various other places where the great human race inhabits. The purpose of this is to try and inject into our world beings that descend from more positive humans thereby trying to reduce the self-destructive quality of the earthly humans. This method was not something planned. It resulted

from certain complications that arose as a result of various visitors who fell in love with humans from our Earth. When this occurred the superiors of *Kaa* and other places observed the positive end result of this. From now on this will also be voluntary and/or by mutual consent.

These beings and their vehicles are letting themselves be seen more in Puerto Rico and other places like Mexico, Brasil, Argetina, Germany, Japan, and in Europe as well. I'm very sure my friends and I are not the only ones that have been contacted. This is a fact. One has to be careful though of being contacted by spiritual beings who come from those realms of disorder and who can take on any physical shape. They can appear in human form, which is usually interpreted as some sort of religious figure, as well many others forms of beings similar to *oemores*. One can identify these beings by the mere fact that they never mention the Creator and they always have some sort of secret arrangement with the great powers and interests of our beloved planet.

Throughout the centuries there have been many people who have been contacted by human beings from other worlds: illustrious people as well as great leaders, kings, inventors, painters, and also housekeepers, shoe shiners, police men and all kinds of people. They chose us from a very early age. The first criterion that determines if a person is chosen is the human qualities, for example: kindness, fairness, and a good heart. I know firsthand that one doesn't need to be perfect. I know that I'm not a saint and I have many defects. The same as with the others who were with me. At first I couldn't accept it when researchers who went over my experience told me that I had been chosen. I simply thought I had been kidnapped. I was wrong however.

I didn't go to work the day after our visitor came. The world around me seemed unreal and I needed time to think things clearly. "Was everything that *Amarón* told us true? Were there really bases under our oceans?" Apparently it was to one of the bases that we were taken that night and where we were shown the projections.

With those seven people I have established great friendships that go beyond normal parameters. After that night with *Amarón* we meet at the house one last time. After that I had to leave the house. The defamations issued by Mr. B affected me to the extreme I couldn't pay the rent anymore. I was in a desperate situation. The *Muchachas* and *Mercedes* offered to help with the rent but I couldn't take their money. The *Tamarindo* was in ruins while Mr. B filled his pockets with money offering conferences on the UFO subject. And as if it weren't enough, though he called me a liar and many other things, he had the nerve to use my pictures in his conferences. There were many who benefited from my pictures while here I was going through really tough times.

I felt awfully sad to have to leave the house. It was painful but the circumstances left me no choice. The last time the seven of us met in the house we discussed the issue of how and were we would now meet. We didn't have the slightest clue. We talked about all that had transpired those last few weeks. On the grass in the back yard, precisely where that column of light had stood, we placed a white blanket and all of us laid there looking at the night sky. We saw many shooting stars that reminded us of our friend. We hoped he would come to visit to say goodbye to the house with us. Before they all left we agreed to talk soon to try and resolve the issue of where we would meet. Helena decided to stay the night. For reasons not under their control such as family, friends, and neighbors

opposing these meetings took place, we couldn't meet in any of the others' homes. Besides, there was also the issue of our friend's transportation. It had to be a place where there would be no complications regarding that matter.

Amarón didn't come that night and Helena and I fell asleep waiting for him under the stars. We kept each other company like two children. *Kristina* woke us that morning and we found ourselves wet from the dew.

A few days after I packed up my things and with great sorrow left the house. The man of the stars didn't return to that house. *Mamá* welcomed me with open arms but she noticed my sadness. I kept going to work to the *Tamarindo* but it was no use. In the afternoon I came back with all the food I'd taken.

As time went on it became more and more impossible to accept everything that had happened with *Amarón*. I needed some reassurance; a confirmation of that encounter with another reality. Looking at the picture of the group or calling them up was not enough. I had to see and talk to him again. I had to see his ship to assure myself I wasn't crazy.

One particular night after moving out, I felt uneasy and decided to go for a drive with no particular destination in mind. When I passed by the little house I decided to stop there. I was there for a long time while the melancholy kept pressing me. After a while I kept driving not knowing where to go. I arrived at the beach we call *Bullé*. It was still relatively early in the night when I pulled up a little hill where the sea and the night sky could be seen in its splendor. I stopped here and I lit up a cigarette. I got

out of the car and on top of the hood to get a better view of the sky. “Where could he be?” I asked myself.

I closed my eyes and let my mind drift in the halls of uncertainty. When I again opened my eyes I saw just a few feet over me a ball of fire of sorts. It was the size of a basketball. I looked at it intensely and without moving to see what it would do. I knew in my heart that it had to do with him, with *Amarón*. That orange ball fluttered like it had a pulse. It started to move and I didn’t want to lose it so I went after it on foot. It moved at a slight distance form the ground. Suddenly it stopped and went it resumed its course it increased its speed. I knew that at speed I wouldn’t be able to keep up so I went back to why car started it up and went after it. The ball was going further in to the beach grounds near where the summer residences are. It was October and so the area was pretty much deserted. The sphere made its way through the dirt road like it was just another car in front of me.

At a distance I saw the headlights from another car that was on the same road but was coming from the opposite direction. The ball maintained its course disregarding the fact that another car was coming. The other car stopped when it saw the floating spectacle. My car and the ball passed the other car yet it was so dark you could barely see who was inside it. Afterwards I looked through the rear view mirror and noticed the car hadn’t moved. The ball pressed on and I followed in pursuit. It turned following the curvature of the road and then it stopped in from of a gate that had been installed there by the federal government.

When I stopped near the gate it went over it. Once inside it then again stopped moving. I got out of the car, looked behind me to see if anyone

followed, and went through the gate. The object resumed its trajectory and I followed. I tripped in the darkness and hurt my knee but I immediately got up and kept going.

The ball slowed down to light my way. I wasn't afraid because I knew this object was going to take me to *Amarón*. I walked for quite a while and soaking wet from the sweat. "How far would it take me?" At a short distance from me and the curious artifact a human silhouette appeared. The sphere stopped right in front of him.

- Come *Amaury*, I've been waiting for you.

I went up to him and we greeted each other with a brotherly hug. He asked about the other seven; he wanted to know how they were doing. In the meantime the ball shrank to the size of a grape. It gave us light while *Amarón* held it in his hand. We talked for quite a while. I didn't even notice the time go by. That night was the first time he gave me a task.

When it was time for him to go he took out that little golden colored card that had the symbols on it. He slid his fingers over it and shortly after the round shadow was on top of us. From the center of the shadow emerged the brilliant light column. It changed to a different tone of white and *Amarón* penetrated it. He stood in the middle and slowly started to ascend. I didn't want him to leave. He took with him the little ball that was illuminating us and I was left in darkness. I looked up and saw when the column of light disappeared inside the vehicle. His ship then slowly commenced spinning and gave off the most divine colors I've ever seen. It then stopped and performed some maneuvers on that air that left that left trails of different colors. It then climbed high lit up like a brilliant star which then speed off and dove into the sea.

I then started my way back to the car. I was using at first a lighter to see better but it got to hot. I walked with caution and after a little while my eyes started to adjust to the darkness and was able to get to my car without consequence. On the way back home I drove like I was in a dream. That strange sensation of feeling that everything around me was unreal crept up again. I got home and everyone was asleep. What would they have thought if they knew where I was coming from at this hour.

The next day I got in touch with the other seven and told them what had happened the night before. They were all very happy when I told them what we should do to fulfill our promise to *Amarón* and his people. I will not yet write about this task because it hasn't been carried out yet; but I will say it's for the benefit of many.

I also told them how *Amarón* would signal me when he wanted to meet with us. It consists of the following: when I feel a vibration that spreads throughout the walls and floor I am not think it's an earthquake; it would be him calling and I should then proceed to the place of the encounter. This vibration will come from waves transmitted by his vehicle. I've learned to identify these waves because in *Cabo Rojo* there's a lot of seismic activity.

Of the eight of us I'm the one who has direct contact with *Amarón*. None of the others wanted any sort of publicity and that's why they asked me to change their real names. They see me as an example of what could happen if their identities are revealed.

Amarón has also made contact with a fisherman named Andy from the coast of *Cabo Rojo*. This was a separate yet necessary contact. In the future

this fisherman will be very useful to us and *Amarón*. This fisherman was also chosen for the qualities he possesses. Also with him *Amarón* now makes contact through me. He was also in Mr. B's car when we went to the television show. Back in those days I couldn't have imagined that he and his family would be a part of certain events in the present and future. Andy and his family are now part of my circle of great friends. Also people like *Ismael Núñez*, the artist who created the illustrations in this book, and his wife *Aida* and children who always lend us their home for any type of meeting. It was in their home that I met *Mercedes* the night we saw that triangular object and from then on a domino effect was unleashed that brought great people to my life. *Miguel Figueroa* and his family have also joined this great family. *Miguel's* contribution was indispensable for the completion of this book. In sum, if it hadn't been for all the people I've mentioned these writings would have never gotten to you. Besides, it wasn't my idea to write this book. It was something my friend *Amarón* asked of me.

Now a days I try to live as simple as possible but every now and then reporters and television crews show up asking about my story. Also some of the world's top UFO researchers have come to see me. One that stands out is Mr. Wendelle C. Stevens, an ex Coronel of the United States Air Force. This was the gentleman who provided the means for the scientific analysis of my pictures. Wendelle Stevens has participated in the most important cases in the world and is one of the most recognized researchers of the phenomenon.

Puerto Rico has become the center of matters concerning UFO's. Even a former Mayor of the town of *Adjuntas*, the honorable *Rigoberto Ramos Aquino*, wrote a letter to the then President of the United States asking that

the events relating to all this and that constantly take place in Puerto Rico be investigated. This former Mayor, along with his wife and other friends, witnessed a UFO. Though other Mayors have had similar experiences, Mr. *Ramos* has been the only one to make his sighting public without regards to what that may have done to his political career. His town demanded explanations and he in turn was brave enough to address the federal government in the matter. Mr. *Rigoberto* we applaud your brave gesture!

Even our country's press is quite liberal when it comes to this subject. Mr. *Julio Víctor Ramírez*, a reporter from the local new paper *El Vocero*, has a column where he writes exclusively about the events that almost daily take place in Puerto Rico and around the world regarding UFO's. Mr. *Ramírez* is another warrior who also fights for the truth to be known without regards to the possible consequences this could have on his career as a reporter. He has received a great amount of pressure from many levels but to no avail. He ignores it in his quest to inform the public. Bravo Mr. *Julio* keep up the good work!

Mrs. *Matilde* lives happily with her husband and by themselves since their youngest son got married. I see her often in our "Seven's Meeting" as we've come to call them. Her husband is not completely comfortable with the whole situation but he is tolerant. She spends her time growing orchids and the money she gets from selling them she donates to charity. She is extremely happy.

Oscar will be able to retire soon from the police force. He is then going to dedicate all of his time to his family and to a business he plans to open in his town. His daughter is engaged to a young man who doesn't believe in

extraterrestrials. His wife has helped us a lot in our affairs. She is a very spiritual person.

Maribel and *Raúl* are expecting their first child. He'll be among us by the time this gets published. If it's a boy they're thinking of naming him *Amaury*. If it's a girl, Helena. They're extremely happy with this event in their lives. On a subconscious level were associating the act of sex with something negative and traumatic; but after everything surfaced and was cleared up they have gotten their wish of being parents. It won't make a difference if it's a boy or a girl, they will both be wonderful role models for that child. Congratulations!

Helena is learning how to drive a car but she prefers her bicycle. She still frequently changes her appearance but I'd know her anywhere. I see her practically every Tuesday after I finish my rehabilitation therapy. She visits me sometimes in the *Tamarindo* and we spend hours talking about different subjects. I love her as if she were my sister and look out for her as such.

I also see Mr. *Toño* very frequently. I run into him in town a lot. He also sometimes stops by the *Tamarindo* for a hot dog with lots of onion. I never want to charge him but he always insists. He's still single and says he'll stay that way. Every now and then he'll have a drink and he stills smokes those huge cigars. Amongst our group we've come to known him as "thunder voice" Mr. *Toño* I'm not deaf!

Poor *Nereida*. She still hasn't been able to remember anything. *Amarón* says she simply doesn't want to remember. We've tried everything to try and help her remember. She's also the one who's least been able to attend out meetings. This due to the fact that her husband doesn't know anything.

We tried convincing her to talk to him and even told her we would all go confront him with the reality that she's a part of. She strongly opposed as she was afraid of losing her husband's love and respect and didn't want to traumatize her son with her husband's reaction. According to *Nereida* her husband would think it was all the work of Satan, and could even drive him to leave her. It would also just bring about general conflict with her family. Sometimes I personally think she has been able to remember what happened that night but admitting it to herself would be disastrous.*

My friendly encounters with human from *Kaa* presently still take place. *Amarón* has become a great friend and so far he has not let me down. The way we had agreed to let me know he wanted to meet had to change because our house cannot take the vibrations anymore. The cement used in its construction is now all cracked.

I believe I've fulfilled my duties by writing this. Keep in mind that we must carry on with our lives even if the future seems grim. I only ask that you prepare yourselves and your children. Learn all you can about first aid and store medicine with long shelf lives. Try to get as much information as possible regarding emergencies. Also stock up on canned goods. These will have an incalculable value. You can't eat money or jewelry. But most important of all, always stand behind our ORIGINATOR.

… a valley surrounded by mountains. There was an abundance of waterfalls and all kinds of vegetation and flowers of electrifying colors…

* The original manuscript for the first Edition of this book was written in the ninety's. The author will soon commence work on a second book that will tell of the events that have occurred since.